CANADA WEST MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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TO A TENANT

BY THOMAS A. DALY

YOU found this house, dear lady, overrun
With noisome things that wait upon decay,
All pent within it moldering in the gray,
Sick gloom of long disuse whose webs were spun
Through all its halls. You entered, and, the sun
And God's air coming with you, swept away
All ugliness and squalor, on that day
When first your life-long leasehold was begun.

You tell me now your house, this heart of mine,
Is warm and ever-beautiful and fair,
And call me benefactor, nor divine
How little debt you owe, how much I bear
To you who made this shabby place a shrine
On that sweet day when first you entered there.

"I TELL YOU," HE SAID, "THAT THAT STORY, PROPERLY TOLD, WILL BE THE MOST WONDERFUL STORY IN THE WORLD. IT WILL MAKE ITS AUTHOR FAMOUS— IT WILL MAKE HIS NAME IMMORTAL."

The Witch-Woman
See page 173

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. LONDON, JANUARY, 1911 NUMBER 3

What's The Matter With England?

By Augustus Bridle

Author of "The Man Who Does a Day's Work"

Illustrated With Photographs

IT WAS a poet who said, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still." Perhaps with fewer faults he would have loved her less. England is marvelously human.

The last night at sea and near the lights of Lundy, a Bristol alderman said, "Well, we shall soon be smelling people." England's greatest single problem is people. With an area the fiftieth part of Canada and five times Canada's population, she may be said to have reached the limit of human occupation long before Canada became a self-governing colony. The ultimate salvation of England on the economic side will largely parallel what happened to Egypt in the time of Moses, provided a promised land be found—which we in Canada think has already been done. That, however, is a phase of Imperialism which is the luxury of vague minds.

The tourist will tell you there is nothing particularly wrong with England. Where else may he see so much of the poetry and humanity of the world in so small a space and at so slight a cost? There is London, the Vast Unconscionable, with a population almost equal to that of all Canada; the huge heart of an old and strange little land. For a penny from the top of a motor-bus from Trafalgar Square to the Bank of England—the greatest swirlpool of traffic in the world—he may see what the Strand is and what Fleet Street, look at St. Paul's and Newgate, be carried the length of ancient Chepe, and part way skirt the tawny tide of the Thames. A miracle of compacted history and romance. London knows she is the riddle of the nations, the colossal human accident that looks like a law. With the superb disdain of a leviathan she plows along through the centuries, careless so long as the sea is big enough to feed her. There is no man living who knows London, not even a taxi-man. Neither is there any that understands England. There are several millions in England who have never seen London; millions in London who have not seen England, when from the heart of the one is only a day's journey to the remotest edge of the other.

THERE IS A HUGE PER CENT. OF BRITISH LABOR THAT WORKS AT LOW TENSION, AND THEREFORE AT LOW EARNING CAPACITY. LIFE IS TOO BRIEF AND TOO PLEASANT TO WEAR IT OUT DOING THINGS OVER AGAIN THAT SOMEBODY ELSE DID GENERATIONS AGO

Such is the superb provincialism of London—incomparable and admirable; and of England. Leave London. Go to the smaller cities and the towns, the villages and the lanes. Still you are haunted by that aloofness which in many places, perhaps most, becomes a sort of parochialism.

The main reason is People. There is small need for an Englishman to travel in his own country either to see people or to find pleasure. Wherever he goes he is beset with people. There is no escape. The land is humanized to the limit. The graveyards of England, if they gave up their dead and their dead became alive again, would populate Europe. The perambulators of England might reach round the world. The roads are teeming with horses and men and children. The fields are mushroomed with roofs. Only the moors and the great estates of the landlords are vacant. All the rest of the land is bursting with human opulence. Yet the population of England is increasing. There is no tax on families. Hence unemployment; millions of it. There are half as many unemployed people in England as the whole population of Canada. Millions are born to be wards of the parish and the county council.

Well, for centuries the millions have been toiling and combing and fussing over the grand little island. So they have got it to a point of perfection. Seen from an airship England must resemble a huge Persian rug. In the cities you see it: the thing that was done more than a thousand years ago, streets that felt the tramp of Roman legions in Cæsar's day, shops and houses that were inhabited before the reign of Elizabeth. Your guide, intent on proving to you that England is up to date, insists on showing you the thing that was centuries old before his grandfather was born. He can't help it. That's the thing that gives his city or town distinction. He would as lief omit showing you the market as to skip the charter that gave the city its being in the days of the early Edwards. If there's a wall whose stones were hefted by Norman conquerors he takes you blocks out of your way to show it to you. So far as you can calculate, that wall is good for another thousand years. The hedge wall built before the Victorian era is if anything a bit better than the day it was put up, for it was built mighty well, and time has cemented it. The hedge tangles, and the poppy nods on the top, and there you are—finished. No meddling workman could improve it. Stone houses that have had fifty-year-old thatched roofs five times over, are good for as many more.

Everywhere, more especially in the rural parts, is this finishment, down to the last jot. That it is less common in town is because traffic wears things out

THE TOP OF THE STRAND, AT CHARING CROSS

The church at the left is St. Martin's in the Fields, a monument of the time when the Strand was really a margin of the river. The next building at the right is Morley's, a famous old hotel. The lion in the left foreground is one of four at the base of Nelson's Monument; the statue on the pedestal just beyond is that of Chinese Gordon

POOR WALL IN ENGLAND IS CEMENTED WITH AGE AND HISTORY. YOUR GUIDE WILL TAKE YOU BLOCKS OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SHOW YOU THE STONES HEPTED BY NORMAN CONQUERORS, AND SO FAR AS YOU CAN JUDGE, THE MASONRY IS GOOD FOR ANOTHER THOUSAND YEARS

a little faster. But even a casual glimpse of so characteristically English a city as Bristol—far more English than London—shows that it is counted the worst of economy to change a wall. Those sacred walls! With what puzzled wonder an Englishman beholds a Canadian or United States gang of workmen demolishing downtown walls less than a century old, just because business has developed and the price of property so appreciated that a ten-story building costing half a million without a single guaranteed tenant when completed, is counted not merely a good but a necessary investment. It is all news to the average real traditional Englishman, this demolition of property. In an English city, crowded, crammed and cramped to the human limit, to tear down in that fashion would be called bad economy, if not vandalism. Sentiment, custom and respect for walls combine to keep the downtown section of an English city so nearly intact that it changes less than one per cent. a year. Like as not, if you begin tearing down a wall, some church abuts on it, or some ancient cellar is below, and it would be disrespectful to history to obliterate that.

As it was, so let it be, as nearly as possible, so long as the place continues habitable. The Bank of England has long been the wonder of the world because it stands only one story high, on the most valuable land in the world. British political economy argues that it is better so. I remember that ten years ago Harry Furniss, one-time cartoonist of Punch, gave an illustrated lecture in America. Some of his pictures showed what Fleet Street would look like if it were in New York, when it is a safe conjecture that nobody but an artist would ever dream of such a transformation.

This tremendous conservation of property is one of the compelling characteristics of England. The reasons for it are imbedded as deep in the British character as the principles underlying the Magna Charta. A wall saved is a wall gained. Patch it up and it is just as good as before; quite good enough. And when that principle applies clear from the Bank of England to the humblest cottage in Devon, there is surely one grand result: a superabundance of labor wanting a market. Which is not to say that England, even to the tourist, impresses as a land of unoccupation or of idlers, though there are idlers enough. It surely does mean that for the sake of using a thing till it is clean worn out and making it pay over and over again on the original investment, there is a huge percentage of British labor that works at low tension, and therefore at low earning capacity. There are enough half-occupied laborers in England to do the work of Canada for years to come. In England most of it prefers to stay. Life is too brief and too pleasant to wear it out doing things over again that somebody else did generations ago. And, as the cost of living is as low as the wages and the actual working efficiency of the population, the amount of work done by millions of Englishmen is far below the par of possibility.

The working efficiency of England might be multiplied by a good-sized improper fraction, if only there were some convenient wilderness for the Englishman to reclaim. But the only wildernesses in England are those of walls and of people. Most of the reclamation work in England was done very long ago. The present generation aims to keep things as good as the last, which is about all anybody could be expected to do.

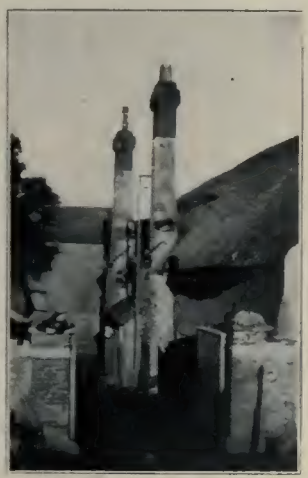
But with all the almost painful perfection of English landscapes, and with all the remarkable conservation of things in general, the anomaly is that a large percentage of the people themselves are most in need of reclamation. This is not true of the rural parts, where the only defect is that the average man is not working at top speed and highest efficiency. It is most true of the cities, to which there has been for a long while now the same frantic rush of countrymen into the crowded places as obtains in America.

Here is the main part of the gigantic problem with which British politics and municipal organizations are wrestling now. What to do with the surplus of people is the eternal question. Tariff reform or land tax, free trade or what-

ever you choose, that contract of assimilating its own native and imported population is bound to be the thing that puzzles the nation. London itself, not content with the burdens of a native derelict population, continues to import from Europe as fast as New York or Chicago. With a sort of half-sullen good nature, the big corporation continues to shoulder the burden of levering up the submerged tenth. It is the white man's burden—in that curious wilderness of a great city. What is true of London is scarcely less true in the smaller cities and the towns. Everywhere the derelict and the charitable organization. Right under Exeter Cathedral there is a slum—in a city of forty thousand. "The poor ye have always with you." The poor know it; and they stay. What is worse, they multiply.

A STREET IN AN OLD CATHEDRAL TOWN

Social reform is the thing that puts a heavy tax on economic England. Here is work for decades, yes, for generations to come. The ranks of the unemployed and the incompetent are eternally recruited from the files of those who are but half employed. Individual ambition runs low. Just here some critic and free-trader will resent the imputation that England is a decadent or even a tired nation. Be it clearly understood that England is neither decadent nor tired. She has come to the present end of a very long tether which has been rather snubbed up by the great industrial nations of the outside world. But her virility remains. I would match the vigor of the average Englishman against that of either Canada or the United States. Free trade has not bled the nation of its vitality. Perhaps in no other old people in the world is there such hope for expansion of energy.



THATCHED ROOF AND QUAINT CLOSE OF AN OLD ENGLISH HOUSE

And of course there are two Englands, just as there are at least two distinct Americas in the United States. The industrial north has most of the virility. The agricultural, pastoral, poetic south, the land of songs and scenery, hedgerows and peasants, and of London, has most of the poetry. London bleeds the countryside to fatten itself. Workers, born on the land, who should have stayed on it to make it more productive, gravitate to the great city to become semi-idlers; and by hundreds of thousands, paupers. London contains a quarter of a million dock laborers that swell the great unemployed and largely unemployable masses of the east end. A large percentage of them come from the land.

Aside from the great estates, much of the land is semi-idle, like many of the people. In a country where every available acre should count in food production, much of it is given over to grass that does not yield well even

THE MAYOR OF GLASTONBURY

under intensive cultivation. There are millions of acres in England that are not worked as productively as the French Canadian ribbon farms along the St. Lawrence. The people do not learn scientific agriculture, the only kind that could make the land yield in proportion to its population.

But the problem of national education is one of huge dimensions. Talk to one class of Englishman, the man from the industrial north, from Birmingham for instance, and he will tell you that in technical education England is well up with the procession. Talk to a man from the south of England and the story is very different. He will tell you that England is far behind Germany and the United States in the effort to make the hand and the brain productive. One who has studied technical education systems in most of the countries of Europe says:

"In one of the latest-established Continental technical schools, fitted up in the years 1903-1904, there were no English machines. The driving-engines were Italian, the dynamos Swedish, by Laval; other machines were German; but one English item could be seen—the patent balance of Lord Kelvin. Every English village has Swedish inventions in its dairies, and every English town, Swiss, German, Austrian and American machines in its factories and on its streets.

"Manufacturers in England are continually surprised at the constant succession of new inventions and new designs that foreign work pours in upon them, and agriculturists are astounded at the farm produce that fills the markets from such poor countries as Denmark and even Finland, and the still vaster quantities from Holland, France, etc. This surprise would be modified did they know the education that has led up to this productiveness."

Another man from the south of England puts the matter more colloquially. Telling the writer of an incident at one of the large Y. M. C. A. Schools in the south, where he was an invited visitor and one of the speakers, he said:

"I spoke to the boys of that school and told them what I thought was the ordinary practical truth. I advised them to get the kind of education that would make them good and useful citizens in any part of the world where they might happen to turn up. Here they were, hundreds of them, getting some sort of education, none of them knowing where in the world he might get a real job when he left school, and I thought a little sound advice from an old man who had seen a good deal of England and a good bit of the world beyond might be useful. I don't care whether you call it technical education or what. I meant at any rate practical education; realizing that England has plenty of sentiment already and that what she most needs is the useful man who is able to turn his hand not to one job merely, but to any one of a half dozen jobs if only he were in the right way to find it. What was the result? The superintendent of the school, a good and pious man, rose and said:

"'My dear boys, what our good brother has just told you is not what I expected him to say. No doubt he means well, but his view is all wrong. My dear boys, it is not of primary importance to get your hands right. It is of the greatest importance, my boys, to get your hearts right. Get the heart right. Get the right feeling and understanding about life, and all the rest will follow as a matter of course.'

"Did you ever hear such bosh?" he concluded. "Utter stuff and nonsense!"

He was not leveling at religion. He was merely talking hard horse sense. Every student knows England has sentiment enough. She has produced poets enough, painters enough, preachers enough, but not useful men enough, by many millions.

The tendency of English training is not to democratize by teaching the utility of all hand work. The main tendency is to produce men who work in grooves, doing half-blindly, even if never so well, the things their fathers did. England fetches forth men by millions who, from the cradle to the grave are lacking in initiative. Not because the race as a race lacks that quality, not because England is effete or even obsolescent, but because the thing that father did, or his father before him, is

AN OLD HOUSE IN BRISTOL

Built about 1500 by one Thomas Norton, this residence compares favorably with many good modern houses. In the back courtyard is a cellar, fitted with whipping-post and [illegible] where fractious servants were put through "purgatory"

good enough and big enough for the present generation. A large employer of labour in England, asked about what percentage of men under his employ possessed the capacity for taking responsibility, replied: "About one per cent." That is, one man in a hundred even among those actually employed in that business was capable of using his brains without a set of rules or a routine.

The proportion may be low enough in any country. It is relatively high in the United States, somewhat less high in Canada—though it may not be long, with the development of national character in a new country working upon vast resources and huge problems, till the percentage of self-helpers and men who take initiative is higher here than there. In Canada there are thousands of men who don't begin to find themselves till past forty. There are millions upon millions in England who never find themselves at all and never will; millions who are not only unemployed (and about five per cent. of the entire population is so), but who are almost absolutely unemployable. Hence the vast organizations of charity, the white man's burden, the poorhouses and the soup kitchens, and the Thames embankment.

Then, of course, it is an old complaint, especially on the part of colonials, that the tendency of so-now-thus-let-it-be keeps the Britisher largely out of the foreign markets which are his by right. It often seems, however, that there is an element of mild hypocrisy in the grouch. It is always so easy to say that Canadians would be only too glad to employ British labor and to buy British goods if only labor were less obstinate and the manufacturer less conservative. Let us be sure that in Canada we always know the right kind of Englishman when we see him.

Traditionalism in trade is an old bogey this side of the water. We in Canada have generously accused Englishmen of being peculiarly conservative if not stubborn. We have never denied that English workmen make good goods or that honesty is the backbone of British manufactures and trade. Neither is it possible to blink the fact that British firms still make a greater variety of the world's goods in a sterling

way than perhaps any other in any nation. But that is merely a survival of the time when Britishers laid claim to just about a monopoly in modern manufacturing. If we were again living in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, we in Canada and the United States would still be looking to the Old Country for most of the things that make civilization possible. The twentieth century has shaken up the dice to a different pattern. Manufacturing has advanced relatively much faster in the protectionist countries than it has done in England, where the science of comfortable living, the art of governing an unwieldy empire, and the quite as difficult problem of adjusting social and internal economic relations, have come to keep John Bull very busy without aspiring to teach the world how to run factories.

Inventive ingenuity is not advancing rapidly in England. One of the chief reasons is the superabundance of time in that country. The necessity for getting three things done in the ordinary time it takes to do one or two things has been the cause of a thousand tricks and turns of trade and industry in other countries.

In the matter of system, the Britisher has little to learn even from America. On his own ground the Englishman is a man of thoroughpaced method and system and enterprise. He has his channels of trade as well marked out as the Indian had his trails on the prairie. Short cuts he abominates. Blazing new trails for trade in far countries is not half so much to his liking as keeping his known customers on his books.

The science of advertising he thoroughly comprehends—in principle. But the art of utilizing acres of newspaper space, or square miles of posters on bill-boards, or constellations of electric signs, he has not learned at all, and does not intend to learn in a hurry. He does not go after the crowd. He is content to let his section of the crowd come to him—if they want good goods the way they have always been made by honest methods; and if not—well, let the crowd go to the dickens!

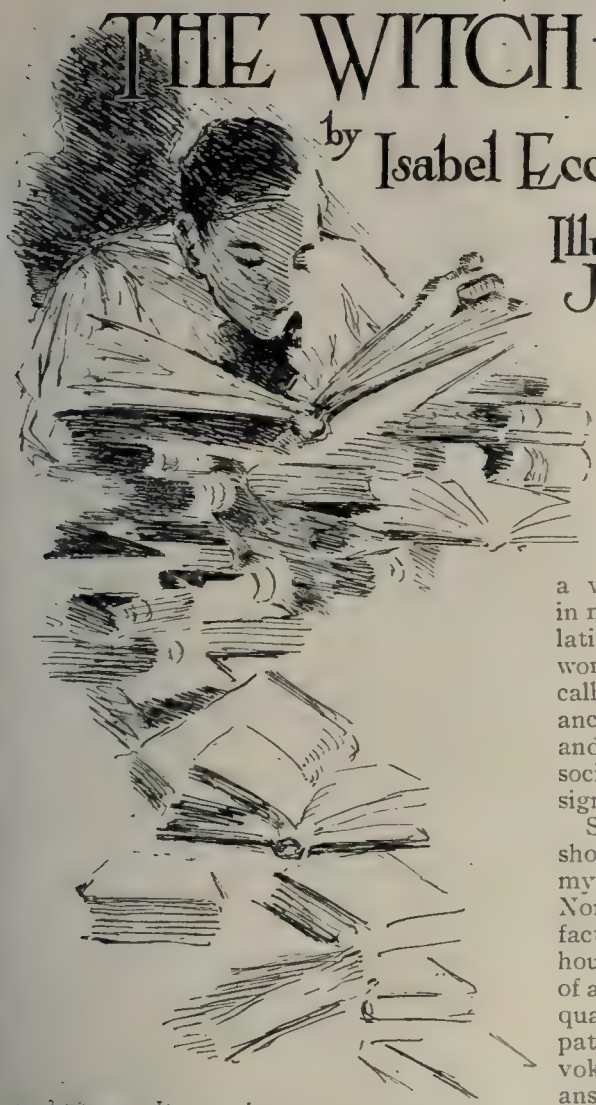
There you have the answer to the question, "What's the matter with England?" In the thousand years of isolation from Continental Europe that enabled her people to consolidate as a race, tenacity in all things gradually hardened into a dominating trait. "Snap is a good dog, but hold-fast a better," expresses the national attitude. No saying is more familiar, from the Solent to the Tweed. It used to be said that the success of Balliol men in world affairs was largely due to their acceptance of Doctor Jowett's famous and thoroughly English dictum, "Never retreat, never explain, never apologize.' That principle is operative in all departments of life.

But the man who thinks the Britisher is a deceased proposition in the fundamentals of business or anything else has, to use the lingo of this continent, "another think coming". Those Englishmen are very wideawake. They have centuries of inherited intelligence and craftsmanship. If only they would get the notion that England is not necessarily the centre of the universe, and recognize that markets are developing overseas a sight faster than they are at home; that the purchasing power of new communities is on an average higher than that of the old ones; that in a new world tastes differ a great deal more rapidly than they do at home; that what is an axiom to-day becomes the discard of to-morrow; that the industrial lessons taught by Great Britain last century have been carried out further by other countries than she ever has done; that no country could be expected to rule India and teach workmanship to the world of the twentieth century at the same time —O well, if these and ten times as many more things similar were thus-and-so, England would be a national miracle, and this article would never have been written. The fact remains that England is the most marvelous old land on earth, and if she has a thorough notion to renew her youth across the seas she has all the chance in the world to do it. Then "What's the Matter with England?" will very probably be answered by a chorus all hands around and across the sea and every other way, "She's all right!"

THE WITCH-WOMAN

by Isabel Eccleston Mackay

Illustrated by John Drew



IT IS strange how closely we can live to our friends without knowing very much about them. Sometimes, in moments of utmost intimacy, we surprise an unreadable look upon the face whose every look we thought we knew. And if, seeking the key, we ask for explanations we are met with vague answers or a baffling smile. Some friendships may have many such reserves and still survive, and it is certain that my liking for Norman Pentland was not lessened by the fact that at times I did not understand him. We presented the sharp contrasts of a dreamer and a man of the world; a writer of tales and a man of business; yet in some odd way we fitted into each other. I admired his ability and was proud of his growing literary reputation. He found stimulation and a wondering kind of interest in my manifold plans and speculations in the (to him) strange world of business. We were called by our mutual acquaintances, "The lion and the lamb," and our pleasure in each other's society was often quoted as a sign of a coming millenium.

So that it is easy to see why I should have been startled out of my usual placid acceptance of Norman's difficult moods by the fact that three times within an hour we had been on the verge of a quarrel. I am a hard man to quarrel with, but Norman had patiently and persistently provoked me until a very sharp answer would have resulted had I not noticed, just in time, that Norman was plainly not himself. His eyes were unnaturally bright, and the hand which held his cigar was shaking.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Norman?" I asked. "Are you actually trying to provoke a quarrel over a trifle?"

His angry excitement collapsed like a pricked bubble. He drew his hands across his eyes.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said. "I seem to get excited without any reason lately."

"There must be a reason," I argued,

"overwork, bad health, something! You look rather seedy."

He shook his head. "No, nothing to break me up like this. Have I been hard to get along with lately?"

"Now that you draw my attention to it, you have—rather. I hoped it was a mood that would pass. Or I thought that it might possibly be that you were in love. You have all the unpleasant symptoms."

"Don't joke, Jack!" And indeed, when I caught the harassed look upon his face, I lost all desire to be funny.

"If it is not love," I said, soberly, "why don't you tell me what it is? I do not wish to force a confidence, but I might be able to help, you know. It can't be money. You have plenty. It can't be worry over your work, for the reviews of your latest book were far kinder than you expected. Why don't you ask advice if something is troubling you? I presume that, as you haven't told me, you haven't told anybody?"

He shook his head without answering. Then I voiced a dread that had been growing on me.

"Norm, old boy, is it opium?"

Norman Pentland's father had died an opium fiend, and I think both of us had always had a dread—

To my intense relief, Norman straightened up and laughed.

"Oh, *no*!" he said, "I have even forgotten to worry about opium lately."

"Then what the dickens! Why don't you *tell* me what is the matter?"

"Because you wouldn't believe me," said Norman, shortly. He was more composed now, his hand had ceased trembling, and the uneasy look, which had annoyed me so much lately, had left his eyes.

"You would not believe me," he said, again, as I stared at him in amazement, "you simply wouldn't believe me."

I did not know what to say, yet it was necessary to say something.

"Is it so very strange, then?" I ventured.

"It is so strange," said Norman, with quiet conviction, "that if I were to tell you, you would say I am off my head."

"Then by all means tell me," I answered, "for if you don't you will probably go off your head thinking about it."

"That is very possible."

We smoked for a little while in silence. I felt that he intended to speak and did not worry him.

"I will tell you," said Norman at last, slowly. "You will tell me I am mad, but perhaps the sharing of my experience will keep me from becoming so. Seriously, I am afraid that my nerves are in a bad state. But that has been only of late. In the beginning of this — this experience they were as good nerves as ever man was blessed with."

I nodded.

"Until two weeks ago, I was never in better health or spirits, and as eager for work as a race-horse. I had begun, you know, my new book—my 'masterpiece,' I believe I called it?"

"You did."

He laughed a little. "I have forgotten what it was all about," he said, and fell silent. I said nothing, and presently he aroused himself.

"Now comes the story," he went on. "It was shortly after I had begun work upon my new book, that I ran up against a point which made me want to consult an authority in Uncle John's library. You know that Uncle John left me his library, and I had it stored in an empty room until some day I might have a home where it could fit in?"

I nodded again.

"Well, I went down there, found my book, verified my information, and instead of coming straight back, began to putter around among the old books. Some of them, though not especially valuable, are very interesting. At last I came upon a book which appeared to have no title at all, and upon examining it, I saw that it was not a book but a box that had been made to look like one. It was locked and there was no key. How it came to be in Uncle John's library is a mystery! Uncle John himself could not have known it was there. Although he had a fad for buying old books he seldom read them, and this box-book had certainly never been unlocked by him. It interested me, but as I was deep in my new novel, I did not want to have my thoughts

distracted by so unimportant a thing. I put it back on the shelf and turned to go."

He paused for a moment, gazing into the warm dusk outside the window. Then he abruptly began again.

"I got as far as the door and then turned back and took the box from the shelf and carried it away with me. I swear to you that I had no intention of taking it, I took it against my will—"

"Wait a moment," I said, "I do not quite understand. You mean that you suddenly changed your mind and decided to take it?"

"No: I did not change my mind—I just went back and took it because I couldn't help myself—"

"But —"

"Better hear me out first. I told you, you wouldn't believe me."

"Go on," I said.

"I took the box-book home and, putting it aside, sat down to continue my writing. I found it impossible to do so. It seemed quite suddenly to become necessary that I should open that box! Rather amused by such a strange obsession, I did so. It was filled with closely written sheets of rather stiff paper, a kind of parchment, I fancy, and was apparently a manuscript containing the outlines of some kind of story. It was hard to read, in some places nearly illegible, but it fascinated me and I struggled on. Getting it straightened out, bit by bit, I found that I had stumbled upon the skeleton of one of the most remarkable stories that it had ever been my lot to see."

Norman's face had suddenly become quite flushed, and he banged the arm of his chair aggressively.

"I tell you," he said, "that that story, properly told, will be the most wonderful story in the world. It will make its author famous; it will make its name immortal—it will be the greatest book in the universe——"

"Oh, come, Norman!" I interrupted, gently. He quieted down at once.

"That's all right—you don't believe it. Wait until you read it! I'll go on with my story. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not let those yellow sheets out of my hands until I had mastered them. It was as if I had found lying by the roadside a jewel which would set the world ablaze. It was my jewel since it belonged to no one else——"

"Of course the writer must have been long dead," I ventured.

He started. "Dead—oh, yes—of course she is dead."

"What makes you think the author was a woman?"

He seemed confused. "I had a feeling that a woman wrote it," he explained, lamely.

"Well, go on," I said.

"Needless to say I put my masterpiece away; beside the work in the box it was flat, stale and unprofitable. I could think of nothing but my wonderful find and the strange thing is that, although from the moment I read the notes on those yellow sheets I had but one desire in the world, to write the book they outlined, it was not until several days had passed that the inspiration came to me and the task seemed easy.

"At first I had felt that I could never do it, that it would need someone greater than I to make those dry bones live, and the thought that such greatness was not mine tormented me day and night. Then, suddenly, I seemed to find a key; everything which had seemed obscure in the notes grew plain; all my difficulties seemed to vanish; I knew that it was given to me to write that book!

"I sat down at once and began to write. I did not know one word of what I should say; I had only the conviction that I should say it. So I wrote the first chapter and, reading it over, knew that it was perfect. So I have written every chapter since—never knowing a sentence, hardly a word ahead, yet always, when reading it over, knowing that it is perfect and always knowing that when I sit down to write again, I shall be able to do it."

He had grown very pale.

"Do you mean to tell me that you never know what your next sentence is to be, that you have no plan in your head at all, and no knowledge of how the plan will work out?"

"I have the notes in the box," he

answered. "They give the general plan of the story, but when I am writing I lose all memory of that. When I am not writing, no amount of study or thought or imagination can make plain to me just how the next portion of the story is to work out—except as to the mere dry facts of the thing."

"Why," I exclaimed, "it is really the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. It looks like genuine inspiration."

"I have never heard of a case of inspiration exactly like it," said Norman, dryly.

"Well, then, how do you explain it yourself?"

"It is simple enough," said Norman. "Someone is using my hand and perhaps my brain—I am not writing the story at all."

"But—"

"Except in the sense that a typewriter may be said to write."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"I know who it is," he went on moodily, without heeding my interruption in the least. "I have known from the first who it was." He spoke with a certain angry triumph.

In my blank amazement, I thought that it might be well to humor him and let him talk it all out.

"Well, who is it?" I asked, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The woman who wrote the notes," he said.

"I understood that you did not know who wrote them. Perhaps you did not say so, but I gathered that there was no name signed to the papers."

"No name signed," he answered, "but all through the pages here and there, she has written her name—scrawled it idly as people do sometimes when lost in thought—upwards of a dozen times she wrote her first name, 'Bernice' and once her full name, 'Bernice Framleigh'."

"Framleigh is an old English name," I remarked.

"Yes. She was English."

"But, of course," I went on, "you can't be sure that the name was hers. It might have been a man who wrote the name of his beloved—in absence of mind, as you say."

"No, it was she," he declared, doggedly, "I have seen her."

"Now you are talking!" I said, still genially, though I was beginning to be seriously alarmed. Could it be possible that my friend's mind had already given way? If so, what could have caused—I looked up. Norman was regarding me with a little smile.

"I warned you, you would think me mad," he said, "but for all that I am as sane as I ever was, as sane as you are, as sane as any man can be in a world where such queer things can happen. Now, be truthful, you have found me cross lately, nervous and excitable, but has it ever occurred to you that my mind was not quite right?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, don't let this story prejudice you. I say that I saw Bernice Framleigh and I did see her. It was one night that I had gone to bed feeling wretched because I had in some way mislaid one of those precious yellow sheets. Search as I would, I could not find it, and I had given up in despair. I was lying awake thinking about it, and happened to glance for the hundredth time toward the box, which was standing on a side table. She was there, bending over the box. I saw her quite distinctly——"

"Now, let us get this thing right," I interrupted. "You had been asleep, of course?"

"I had not."

"How do you know?"

"I had tried too hard to get there."

"It was moonlight, I suppose?"

"No. The curtains were drawn and the gas was not turned off the reading lamp."

"Where was the side table?"

"It was very near the stand with the lamp."

"Was it in the circle of light?"

"Yes."

"And you saw this lady quite plainly?"

"Yes, for the moment as plainly as I see you. She was tall and slight, her head was small, but she had the most remarkable face I ever saw. Powerful is the only word I can use to describe it. She was not beautiful, but one did

not want beauty. I saw her only for a moment. She was stooping over the box arranging the papers. I had no sensation of fear or dread or anything of the kind. It was just that one moment she was there and the next moment she wasn't."

"Exactly," I agreed. "Our eyes play us strange tricks."

"So I concluded—especially as when I looked in the box again, the missing paper was there."

"Of course—it had never been anywhere else."

"I expected you to say so, and it will not change your opinion if I tell you that I had looked over those sheets a dozen times, taking each one out separately and examining it with the aid of the lamp to make sure no two sheets were adhering. It will also do no good to tell you that the missing sheet was found lying on the top of the pile, and that it was slightly crumpled and soiled, just as a sheet might be which had been inadvertently thrown away, found and smoothed carefully out again."

"It is exceedingly strange," I said, and indeed if what he said was so (and I had never known a more truthful man), it was very strange indeed.

"You have not seen the—appearance since?" I asked.

"No, but when I am writing, I know she is there. It is she who dictates. I am her secretary. I hear nothing, see nothing, but my brain hears and my hand obeys the force that speaks to my brain."

I was too deeply troubled to answer him.

"I don't object, you know," he continued. "Without her I never would have been able to write the book—and I wouldn't give up the writing of that book for all the world. Only—well, as you see, it is hard on the nerves!"

"How nearly are you finished?" I asked, seriously. "You cannot stand it much longer."

"I am almost through. I think I am. Two more chapters, I think, ought to finish it, but of course I cannot tell you, for, as I told you, I do not see ahead. And there is another peculiar thing. It is one of the things which worries me most. In the notes on the yellow paper there is no *last chapter*. It is as if the author were interrupted just before concluding. I can find no word or hint which tells me how this remarkable book is to end."

This seemed to me a fortunate thing. When Norman came to the end of his notes he would wake up and his singular delusion would vanish. He would have to think out the end of the story himself, and that would cure him.

"In that case," I suggested, "you will have to finish it yourself."

To my surprise he grew quite white.

"Don't say that, Jack," he entreated, "I could never do it—there is not a trace of my own style in the book—it would ruin it! No, I believe, I must believe, that she intends to see me through. Surely she would not leave that glorious book unfinished—like the notes. I can't believe it!"

"But, Norman," I hinted delicately, "if you are not writing the book——" I paused, leaving him to divine my meaning.

"You mean I have no right to the fame which it will bring," he said, instantly. "But I have—I have written it—it is mine. If I give it to the world, the world shall thank me for it!"

He was becoming wildly excited again, so to quiet him I said "Oh, undoubtedly," but in so half-hearted a tone that he glanced at me uneasily. To tell the truth I did not like the spirit which his last words showed—so different from the straightforward, almost quixotically honorable Norman Pentland I had known.

The whole affair seemed to me astounding beyond my powers of comprehension. I could do nothing, nor could I think of anything to say. If the ordeal were so nearly over, better wait and let the trouble cure itself. When Norman had finished the book, or failed to finish it, I would insist that he come away for a long holiday. He must be seriously overtired.

"Norm, old boy," I said, "I don't pretend to understand what you've told me. Of course I can't believe that you are in a state just now to see things properly, and my advice is—get that book finished as quickly as possible

Afterwards -well, I think things will come all right afterwards."

He smiled at me, rather gratefully.

"I think you are right," he said, "the great thing is to get the book finished. My fame will then be assured. I will never write again."

This was not what I wanted, but I forebore to contradict, and we said good-night better friends and closer comrades than we had ever been in our lives.

The next week was an anxious one for me. I watched Norman constantly without appearing to do so, something which was rendered comparatively easy by the fact that his rooms were directly opposite mine. I saw nothing to cause me further uneasiness. Norman was not so irritable and looked as if he were getting more sleep. "I feel better since I have told you, old man," he said to me one day.

I did not question him about the book, but I knew that he was working at it and that he expected confidently to finish it soon.

It was Saturday night when he came into my rooms, and my deceptive peace was broken up.

"Norman!" I cried. But indeed I could hardly believe that it was Norman Pentland whom I saw. He looked ten years older; the light and purpose of life seemed to have been stricken from his face. He sat down in his familiar chair and smiled at me. The smile caused me to turn cold; it was really a horrible smile!

"I can't write the last chapter," he said, simply.

Not another word. To all my expostulations, explanations and encouragement he said nothing, and at last he stopped me.

"Thanks, old chap," he said, "but this is something that won't bear argument. The simple fact is that I cannot write the last chapter. Up until the last moment I believed that I could—then suddenly she left me. Where the notes stopped, she has stopped—the last chapter will never be written."

In spite of his appearance of utmost despair, I heard of this new development with something of relief.

"Don't you see, old chap," I said, gently, "that this goes to prove that your whole idea of her was an hallucination? Some very learned people now are beginning to believe in the possibility of such things. They say that some times there appears to be, lingering about certain old things, old rooms for instance, some strange 'aura,' which may, in the case of an exceptionally sensitive nature, actually impress the brain with some fleeting image of long past events, long dead personalities. Some such hallucination you have had as you worked with the old yellow papers which were probably the life work of some dead woman—dearer to her perhaps than life itself—so that—"

He interrupted me with a hard laugh.

"She is not too dead to hate me," he declared. "She hates me for doing what she can not do herself. She is jealous. She will not let me have her book—a very woman to turn jealous at the last chapter!"

"Norman——"

"I never liked her," he went on, unheeding, "I was always afraid that she did not mean to give me the book. But if once I had written that last chapter——"

I interrupted in my turn. "If, when you had written the last chapter, you had still felt that the work really belonged to a dead woman called Bernice Framleigh, you would have published it with her name on the title page," I said, sternly.

"What if I did? Who is Bernice Framleigh? Could I explain how I came to write the book? My publishers would merely think that Bernice Framleigh was a rather silly attempt at an unnecessary nom-de-plume. It would be my book—mine!"

"Norman, I am ashamed of you. It is not like you to speak like this!"

"No," he admitted, with a momentary return of his old manner. "It is not like me. I feel—different—since I began to write this book. Oh, Graham, you don't know——"

"I know that you need a complete rest and change. I know that you are going to take a long holiday. When you are yourself again, you may be able to finish the book—or you may not wish to finish it. It seems to me that

you have been living in a dream, and you know how things which are wonderful in dreamland appear mere foolishness in the light of common day. Now, I have not dreamed. If you will allow me to read——"

"It is burned," he said, dully. "I burned it. No one else will get the chance to take it from me. The notes, too, all burned! She would feel *that*, wouldn't she? Oh, I paid her back finely—she will never get her story written now. I fixed *that*!"

And this from Norman Pentland, scholar and gentleman!

We got away from town next morning. Norman did not seem to care where we went. His fever of restlessness was quite gone, but something else, some zest in life, seemed to be gone too. For many weeks I had upon my hands a melancholy shadow of the old Norman Pentland, a shadow that started at shadows; that turned ghastly at the sight of pencil and paper, and answered cheerful conversation by monosyllables. But, as his health improved, he began slowly to brighten and fall less often into fits of brooding. Then when, in Paris, we met Miss Daisy Birks, the cure proceeded with marvellous rapidity. It was Miss Daisy whose awe and admiration of Norman's literary fame induced him at last to take up his pen, after he had told me that he would never write again. Love puts a period to many "nevers".

The "masterpiece," upon which he had been engaged when so singularly interrupted, was never finished, but a new book was begun which in due time added much to his reputation.

After his marriage to Miss Daisy, we drifted apart somewhat, but as far as I know he never again referred to his strange experience and soon forgot even to think about it.

I would have forgotten it also, but for one little incident. When Norman settled in his new home, it fell to my lot to pack and send the books still remaining in his old room. In lifting a pile of them into a box, a single yellow sheet fluttered from among them to the floor, and upon examining it, I found it to be covered with an odd, small writing very difficult to decipher. Perhaps that is why I immediately tried to decipher it. It appeared to be an isolated fragment of some tale or romance, but of so strange, so arresting, so truly marvellous a nature that I knew at once I had stumbled upon a fragment of the story which Norman had destroyed!

With a sigh that was half a shudder, I resisted the fascination of that wonderful fragment and, dropping it upon the coals, watched it blacken and blow away; but ever since I have not been so sure that Norman's experience was but the figment of a fevered brain—nay, it has even seemed to me that the world may indeed have lost much in losing that last chapter.

The House That Wouldn't Wait

By Ellis Parker Baker

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Great American Pie Co.," Etc.

Illustrated by Peter Newell

IT'S ALL right to respect your grandfathers, but when you make idols and fetiches of 'em, you can just expect to get into trouble. That's what Betzville says about Pilgath Gubb, and Aunt Rhinocolura Betts says Betzville is right. She says the Apostle Paul is agin it—or maybe it was some o' the minor prophets—but anyway you could see it for yourself the minute you laid eyes on Pilgath Gubb.

Pilgath was considered the most thoughtful man in Betzville. Before he'd do the littlest thing he'd sit on a cracker-barrel, and think and think. Maybe by the time he'd decided, he'd forget what he'd been thinking about, and would have to start all over again, but that never worried Pilgath. It was all on account of his grandfather. The old gentleman had died before Pilgath was born, and naturally Pilgath had never had much of an acquaintance with him, but he said a grandfather was a grandfather, dead or alive, and far be it from him not to respect his relations. So he'd figure out how his grandfather would have done things, and then he'd do 'em just exactly so.

The reason why Pilgath dug his well right alongside of his barn was because his grandfather had once fallen off the barn and broken his arm. Pilgath figured that if he should ever fall off the barn, it would save doctor's bills if he could fall into a well and break the jar by striking soft water. The barn was thirty feet high and the well forty feet deep, so that when Pilgath did fall off, he hit the well all right, but he went thirty feet down into the water, and was so nearly drowned that it took five hours and three quarts of whiskey to bring him to. Even then all he knew was to roll over on his back on the floor and ask weakly where they kept the straps to hang on by.

When he finally came to himself and remembered that he was a church-member, he decided that the well was a delusion-producer and ought to be discontinued. So he pumped all the water out, plugged up the spring at the bottom, and took the pledge. Next time he fell off the barn, however, he not only fell thirty feet to the ground, but forty feet more to the bottom of the well, and made the discovery that though the spring might have been soft, the ground it came out of was as hard at seventy feet as it was at thirty—maybe more so. Worse than that, he broke two arms and a collar-bone. When he came to pay the doctor's bill, he said that sometimes it made him even doubt his grandfather.

But when he built his house over at the south end of town, he got to studying again about his grandfather. It seems that his grandfather had once built a house, and then sold the lot it was on, and it was a lot of trouble to move the house to another lot. Pilgath's mother said they never did get to feeling certain about the cellar stairs afterwards. So Pilgath figured, being a thoughtful, foresighted man, that he would build his house so that if he ever wanted to move it, he could do it without much fuss; and for as much as a

AFTER PILGATH LOOKED OUT ON THE PRAIRIE AND SAW THE HOUSE REVOLVING IN CIRCLES, ABOUT TWO MILES AWAY, HE STARTED FOR IT WITH HIS TONGUE HANGING OUT

week he sat in the yard on a pile of cedar shingles and whittled and figured how he could make that house movable. Finally he decided to have the house mounted on wheels, with a good strong automobile engine under the front porch, and a gasoline tank in the attic over the girl's room. He saved quite a sum on the wheels by using eight old mill-stones he had inherited from his grandmother on his father's side, and he got a fine old storage battery at less than cost from Aunt Rhinocolura Betts, who had used it for her rheumatism. There wasn't any electricity in the battery, but Pilgath figured he could get it filled when moving time came. The crank for cranking up the engine stuck out at one side of the porch, but Pilgath's first wife planted Virginia creeper to cover it, and before the summer was over, nobody would have thought of its being an autohouse.

The last person in the world to think of it was Arbutus Ann Gubb, Pilgath's second wife. She was a timid little thing you never could get to say "yes" or "no" about anything, even getting married. One night she just "let on" she might, and Pilgath married her before she got up courage to say "no" if she'd wanted to. She was scared of everything. Every time it thundered, she crawled under the bed. She was so afraid of thunder that she went under the bed every time a wagon rumbled across the Two Mile Bridge, and when traffic was heavy, at fair time, she staid under the bed permanently, and Pilgath had to bring her meals to her on a tray.

About four o'clock one afternoon, a terrific thunderstorm struck Betzville, and Arbutus Ann went under the bed. Pilgath was in the barn, but he started for the house on a run, knowing how frightened Arbutus Ann would be. Just as he was half-way to the kitchen door, there came a tremendous stroke of lightning, almost blinding him, and with it rain in sheets and bucketsful.

Pilgath couldn't see a yard before him, but he rubbed his eyes and sprinted harder than ever. In a few minutes he began to get scared, and decided he must have passed the house. So he turned back to look for it, and first thing he knew, he nearly stepped into a pan of milk in the cellar.

Then it dawned on him what had happened. The lightning had hit the chimney and knocked off a brick, which had fallen on the crank handle and given it a turn, thus cranking up the engine. At the same instant the lightning had buried itself in the storage battery, filling it with electricity, so that it began to spark regularly and explode the gasoline in the cylinders, and the house had moved without waiting for the first of May. The house had an excellent engine and was geared to run about fifty miles an hour on the first speed.

When Pilgath realized all this, he looked out on the prairie and saw the house revolving in circles, about two miles away. Pilgath started for it with his tongue hanging out. He felt perfectly secure about the wheels, for it is harder to puncture millstones than rubber tires, but he had an inkling that a frame house travelling at fifty miles an hour with a wife inside ought to have someone at the steering-wheel. But just before he reached it, the house took a new tack, and started south by west at fifty miles an hour, and in two minutes it was out of sight behind Reynolds' hill. Pilgath said he never was so proud of anything in his life as he was of the way that autohouse took the hill on the first speed. When he got to the top of the hill, all he could see was a cloud of dust in the southwest, several miles away. When they asked him how he felt when he saw it, he said that the cloud of dust had assured him the thunderstorm had been merely local.

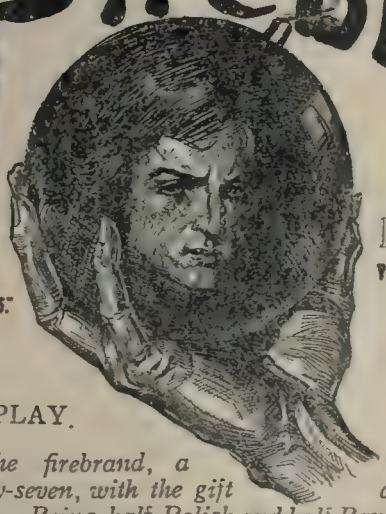
When Arbutus Ann didn't come back, he put a "till forbid notice" in the "Bi-Weekly Holler":

NOTICE:—If anyone finds a house running loose, with a wife under the bed in the first bedroom at the top of the stairs to the left as you go up, that wife belongs to Pilgath Gubb. If there is any doubt about it, making a sound like thunder will settle the question of ownership. Hammering on a tin waiter will do. If at the sound the wife backs so far under the bed that she can only be reached with a broom, there need be no doubt that her name is Arbutus Ann Gubb. Finder please feed her till called for, and notify Pilgath Gubb, Betzville.

Pilgath said it cost him an awful lot, but when things like this happened, he wanted Betzville to know he could be just as open-handed as anybody. He said he knew his grandfather would have done just the same, even when Arbutus Ann never was found, and he saw the money had been wasted.

After a year or so, Pilgath began making up to Elvina Betts, oldest girl to Aunt Rhinocolura Betts, and trying to take her to prayer-meeting Wednesday nights. But Aunt Rhinocolura set her foot right down. She said that when a man got to putting his grandfather ahead of Paul and the minor prophets, all you could do was to leave him to his own conscience.

The Firebrand



BY
ARTHUR STRINGER
AUTHOR OF "THE WIRE-TAPPERS," "THE GUN-RUNNER", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

OTTO SCHNAUBELT—*The firebrand, a white-faced young Anarchist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.*

PHILIP DRYSTER—*A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face, though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.*

LOUISE DRYSTER—*His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.*

OLGA NIKITA—*A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark, passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.*

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ROCHETTE, SCHMIDT, TODARO, WATCHEL } *Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt, over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of conglomerate nationalities.*

NIKOFF—*Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.*

DOYLE—*Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.*

ENGLISH BUTLER *and* FOOTMAN—*In the employ of the Drysters at their Long Island country home.*

ACT II.

SCENE:—The breakfast room of Philip Dryster's Long Island home. The French windows open on a terraced garden, with view of flower parterres, Tuscan urns, etc. Beyond the garden, bathed in sunlight, are glimpses of the Sound. An immaculate breakfast table is set in the middle of the room, and everything, from the white linen and silver fruit-holder to the riot of cut-flowers scattered about in French vases, suggests luxury. At this table sit Philip Dryster, restless, ill-at-ease, and covertly alert, and his young wife Louise, the latter diffidently glancing through a morning paper. Clearly visible through the open French windows, is Otto, calmly spraying rose-bushes with a gardener's hand-spray. He never once looks directly into the room. Further down the garden occasionally passes a figure in a chauffeur's dust-coat and cap and goggles. As he passes he watches Otto at work. An English footman, in service coat, stands at attention at one side of the room.

LOUISE: (*Putting down paper and staring at Philip, as his restless movements finally attract her somewhat diffident attention*): Sleep well, Bunny?

PHILIP (*Absently*): So-so!

LOUISE (*Looking through the pile of letters at her plate-side*): Shall I ring for breakfast?

PHILIP (*With pretence of reading his paper*): Not yet, thanks.

LOUISE (*Studying his averted face, then looking perplexed out through the open windows*): Who's that prowling about the lower terrace?

PHILIP: That's Doyle.

LOUISE: Who's Doyle?

PHILIP (*Shortly*): My confidential man.

LOUISE: Is he waiting for anything?

PHILIP: He's waiting to motor me into town.

LOUISE: Why Doyle to-day? Why not Jansen?

PHILIP: We've things to talk over. (*Louise sits looking at him as though his reticence implied a rebuff. Then she picks up a paper and reads again, indifferently.*)

LOUISE (*Over her paper, and not looking up*): They're saying dreadful things about you again, Bunny!

PHILIP: Well, I'm used to it.

LOUISE (*With a child-like resentment which shows her divorce from the problem and its meaning*): But why should they blame those bread-riots on *you?*

PHILIP: Because I had sense enough to keep Morrison and that whole bear gang who've been selling short, from wiping me out. Because I took my stand and stuck to it.

LOUISE: But why do they print this horrible cartoon of you as a fat man on a throne, and all these hungry women looking up at you?

PHILIP (*With a shrug*): That's the yellows' way of excusing God for giving America only half a crop.

(*Louise, plainly not comprehending the intricacies of speculative movements, resignedly goes on reading her newspapers. As she does so, Doyle appears quietly and unannounced at the door. Philip starts nervously, but controls himself. Louise, by her look and attitude, resents the intrusion.*)

PHILIP: Come in, Doyle.

(*Doyle enters, with his cap in his hand, remaining on his feet. The two men look at Louise, then exchange glances.*)

PHILIP (*With an effort*): Louise!

LOUISE (*Looking up from her paper*

at this new note in his voice): What is it?

PHILIP: There's going to be a rather disagreeable scene here, and I don't want you mixed up in it.

LOUISE: A scene with whom?

PHILIP: I'd rather not explain just yet.

LOUISE: And you want to send me away breakfastless, without bread! Oh, Bunny, that cartoon must have been true!

PHILIP: I wish you'd go.

LOUISE: But all this mystery only makes me want to stay.

PHILIP: You can't stay!

(*Louise looks at Philip closely. Then she gathers up her mail, and rises, moving slowly, conscious of the fact that the two men are silently awaiting her departure. The butler opens the door, and then follows her out. The two men look at each other.*)

PHILIP: Well?

DOYLE: It's all right, sir. He's acting alone.

PHILIP: You're sure?

DOYLE: Positive. And the bomb he's got will never go off. Its teeth have been drawn.

PHILIP (*Rather tremulously*): Remember, Doyle, there's a good deal depending on you in this.

DOYLE: But there's no chance of a mistake, sir. It's as harmless as a tennis-ball. I've had the five of them shadowed from the moment they left that Forsyth Street cellar.

PHILIP: But what would ever start a parlor-socialist at work like this?

DOYLE: They're not parlor socialists. They're a gang of out-and-out Reds. Two of them have records at Police Headquarters. They're all under pension from a Central Committee. But two of them are welchers. They can be bought off at any time. They're about the same as yeggs. This young fellow they call Otto Schnaubelt is the nutty one. He's their leader. I can show, when the time comes, that he was a member of the Riga Executive Committee. The fact is, I managed to intercept a letter from a Paris Terrorist named Lopatine. I can show Schnaubelt was mixed up with the Cronstadt police assassinations He was mixed up in the Pittsburg iron-workers' trouble, and was a spokesman in the Patterson silk riots.

PHILIP: I suppose he's one of those Ghetto minor-poets with a great soul and dirty linen?

DOYLE: He's an inflammatory little beggar, as far as I can see. He does their pamphleteering. They send for him, from place to place, to address their meetings. He's the one who gets them going. He orates to them in seven or eight languages.

PHILIP: But have we got definite proof he's an anarchist?

DOYLE: We sure have. And he'll cinch it this morning when he comes through that window with his bomb.

PHILIP: Then the thing for us is to get in touch with the Immigration Department. He's an alien, and a criminal. They can bundle him out.

DOYLE: Sure they can. But that takes time—you can't hurry those Washington Department people. I figure on it taking a week. And, in the meantime, he and his gang will start kicking up a dust.

PHILIP (*Disturbed*): I can't have talk when the Federal Grand Jury is nosing into this wheat-corner. There's been too much of that with these cursed bread riots.

DOYLE: Exactly! That's why I want to get your man here, with the goods on.

PHILIP (*With grim decision*): Then we'll get the thing over with. You go upstairs to my study, and get Brady of the Pinkerton Office on the long-distance. Have them get a good reliable man out here by motor as soon as they can.

DOYLE: All right, sir. I'm better out of sight, anyway. He won't come in (*Doyle motions towards the window*) until he sees you're alone.

PHILIP: All right. You keep out of sight. Don't come down until I send for you, or your own judgment says you ought to. (*Doyle crosses room and stops at door.*) And, Doyle, don't mention the matter to Mrs. Dryster.

DOYLE: Very good, sir!

(*Doyle goes quietly out, leaving the door partly open behind him. Philip proceeds to fold his newspapers, but has*

folded only one sheet when a French-window is swung back and Otto steps into the room. He still carries the hand-spray. His face is pale, but he is utterly calm and self-possessed.)

PHILIP (*As the two men stare*): Who are you?

OTTO (*His quietness might be taken almost for meekness*): I'm the new second gardener.

PHILIP (*Always watching him*): What are you doing here?

OTTO: I want to make a complaint.

PHILIP (*Perplexed*): About what? Against what?

OTTO: Against everything.

PHILIP (*With an effort holding his ground*): That sounds rather comprehensive. How are you going to make it?

OTTO (*A step nearer*): By a method equally comprehensive.

PHILIP: What method?

OTTO (*Producing, with one dextrous movement, the bomb which he carries*): By blowing you off the face of the earth.

PHILIP (*Without moving*): You're a fool! You're crazy!

OTTO: You've sixty seconds for anything you've got to do or say.

PHILIP: I don't want sixty seconds. I'm ready now.

(*Otto, startled at his victim's fortitude, does not see Louise in the doorway. She has entered and crossed the room, and stands between the two men before they realize her presence. Quite unable to understand a danger which does not touch her imagination, she is without terror. She is like an amazed and ribboned lap-dog, face to face with a snarling street-mongrel.*)

OTTO (*Quickly*): Is this woman your wife?

PHILIP: She is.

OTTO: Then get her out of here.

LOUISE: He'll not get me out of here. (*She actually moves towards Otto and the up-raised bomb. The latter falls back, nonplussed, as she advances staring at him.*)

OTTO: Stand back. I warn you, there's enough nitro in this thing to blow your empty head through the roof.

LOUISE (*To Philip*): Who is this man?

PHILIP: Never mind who he is. I want you to leave this room.

LOUISE: I'll *not* leave it.

PHILIP: You must. This is no place for you.

LOUISE: It *is*, if you're in trouble, if you're in danger. (*Insisting*) Who is this man?

PHILIP (*Knowing her obduracy*): That man's a bomb-thrower named Otto Schnaubelt, who was arrested trying to force himself into my office ten days ago. He's a half-witted Anarchist who came here to kill me with a bomb that's no more dangerous than a turnip.

LOUISE: The little coward!

OTTO: Stand back!

LOUISE: You miserable little coward!

OTTO: You pink and white doll, get out of my way! Get out to your rose-garden! Get out with those painted lawn ornaments where you belong!

LOUISE (*Advancing as Otto again raises his arm. With a cat-like dexterity she catches and holds him about the body*): You coward!

PHILIP: Stop!

LOUISE: You little ruffian! (*She clings to him, pinning his arms down to his side. He is slender, and apparently no stronger than the woman holding him. Her arms, by this time, are quite firmly about him. He suddenly stops struggling, and looks into her face, so close to his own, as though he had seen it for the first time. It is an arrestingly beautiful face. He continues to look at her, until the stare of the two faces, so near each other, becomes a tableau.*)

PHILIP (*Catching at her arm*): Louise, this is madness. It's nonsense. I tell you this is all poppycock. He's a farce. His bomb's a farce. It's as harmless as dishwater.

OTTO: That's a lie. It's the kind of dishwater that's going to wash this world a little cleaner.

PHILIP: Is it? Then look it over and make sure the fulminate's still in it.

(*Otto, startled, tries to wriggle loose. Louise, whose attitude is now that of an indignant and outraged teacher before an offending child, tightens her grasp on him. All he can do is free his arms.*)

LOUISE (*Imperiously, as Otto unscrews the cap of the bomb*): Give me that thing!

OTTO (*Amazed as he turns the useless bomb upside down and then looks at Philip*): And where did *you* get the brains to find that out?

PHILIP: I've found out plenty of things. And a good many of them before you were born.

LOUISE (*To Otto*): Give me that thing!

OTTO (*Looking at her with his bitter laugh*): Certainly. You can eat it—it won't hurt you. It's a fruit you don't often have for breakfast.

(*He hands the bomb to Louise. She looks down at it in her hand, realizes at last what it stands for, and suppresses a scream of fright by covering her mouth with her hand.*)

PHILIP: There's no use getting excited, I tell you. It's as harmless as the hare-brained crank who carried it here.

OTTO (*Dodging away*): So you think I'm harmless?

PHILIP: Just at present, yes. And I intend to make you more so.

OTTO: How?

PHILIP: That you'll know when the time comes.

OTTO: And what good will that do you? Supposing I didn't kill you, as I came here to do? Would that help you out any? Don't you suppose there's somebody else to take my place? And somebody to take his place again? And somebody to take *his*, until the thing's done?

PHILIP: It won't be done.

OTTO: I think it will.

PHILIP (*To Louise*): No; don't ring.

LOUISE: What does it all mean?

PHILIP (*Less triumphantly, yet allowing himself to show no alarm*): Just what makes you want to kill me?

LOUISE (*To Otto*): What kind of man are you, to talk that way of killing? To come into a house the same as ——

OTTO (*Quickly*): The same as you'd go into that garden and take the heads off the flowers you thought were ripe for picking!

PHILIP: But why do you want my head off?

OTTO (*The East Side orator, glad of his chance to let go at an enemy*): Because you're the keystone of this whole cursed system of oppression, this system that no one man and no one movement can overthrow. But when we knock that keystone out of it there's some chance of the whole arch of iniquity crumbling down to earth.

LOUISE: Philip, what does this madman mean?

PHILIP (*Blunt and practical, ignoring his wife's cry*): That's more of your poppycock. That shows how insane your whole outlook is. Do you suppose there aren't a hundred men in Wall Street, at this very moment, to take my place? Do you suppose a bomb the size of a goose-egg is going to stop the trade and commerce of ninety million people? No, my young friend, no; we've been too long building up this arch you're talking about. And Time is an egotist, more of an egotist than you are; Time respects only what Time itself has built. You could blow me sky-high if you wanted to, but long before you got to your chair in Sing Sing, there'd be another man at my desk, and another bull movement in wheat.

OTTO (*Shouting*): Not if he knew he was going to get what you got!

PHILIP (*Warming up*): Do you mean to say you carry around the absurd belief that killing off a millionaire is going to turn your East Side into a Garden of Eden? Do you still accept that half-baked, purblind tomfoollery that proclaims killing a leader or two, whether they're kings of countries or kings of finance, is going to bring never-ending happiness to every cop-fighter in Hell's Kitchen and a full dinner-pail to every loafer on our park benches?

OTTO (*Low-voiced, now, and terribly calm*): Don't harangue me like that. That platitudinous stuff doesn't affect me. You're not addressing the Dryster Orphan Asylum after its Christmas dinner. You're not elucidating high finance to a board of over-fed milling directors. You've no quarterly dividend to pound that rubbish down my throat with.

LOUISE: How dare you come into this house and use such words to my husband?

PHILIP: No, I'll not harangue you. You haven't the intellect to see a point when it's made. You let a little

Schopenhauer and Nietzsche ferment in your head, and then you suddenly go bad. You read a little Tolstoi and Gorky, and then go around spouting moonshine. You're a pack of Shelleys gone to seed. You're a lot of broken-winded Swinburnes. It's cheap charlatanism. It's demagoguery, the whole lot of it.

OTTO (*Still hoaxing himself in, and resenting that his opponent should have stolen his thunder*): Well, we're going to manure America with millionaires like you.

PHILIP (*Hotly*): You're going to do so such thing. That's another of your vapid obsessions.

LOUISE: Bunny, don't excite yourself that way.

OTTO (*As he looks at Louise*): Bunny! How can you call two hundred pounds of beef like that such a name? Bunny!

LOUISE (*More calmly now, and stepping nearer him*): How dare you speak like that!

OTTO (*With reckless insolence*): Oh, you've got to *kick* a man like that, the same as he kicks his auto-tire to see if it's inflated. What good would finger-tips be?

LOUISE (*Restraining Philip*): No; no, Bunny. Don't strike him. Don't hurt him.

OTTO: Don't be afraid; he doesn't intend to.

PHILIP: No more than you intend to.

OTTO (*Calmly studying him*): Oh, yes; I'm going to kill you, in the end.

PHILIP: Ha, you're going to. Here I am. Why don't you get busy?

OTTO (*With almost weary unconcern*): Because you rather amuse me. No, you don't amuse me, you amaze me. And I'd give my eye-teeth for one glimpse of your poor mean sordid useless life as you see it, as you're able to face it and live it. I'd give my eye-teeth for an inkling of just what you get out of it.

PHILIP (*Proudly, with a comprehensive arm-wave about him which does not even omit Louise*): I get this out of it.

OTTO (*He looks about puzzled. Then his eyes rest on Louise. She stands there motionless. But she has youth and beauty, and seems to mystify him, for he studies her face still again, and then turns slowly back to Philip*): How many millions have you got?

PHILIP (*Shortly*): I don't know. Even the question is insolence. But if I happen to have ten million dollars, I've earned them more honestly than you've earned the right to come into my home and pry into my affairs.

OTTO: Your home! What makes it your home? What makes it yours, any more than this woman's yours? It's only yours in trust. All you own is what you own behind that frontal-bone of yours—and to me it seems precious little.

PHILIP: More moonshine! More insolence!

OTTO (*With rising vehemence*): And you say you've got ten million dollars! That's a lie. They're not dollars; they're ten million curses. They're ten million hunks of humble-pie you've had to eat. They're ten million insults you've swallowed. They're ten million sneers from your Better Self; ten million wails from your immortal soul. They're ten million hungry bellies that you've helped to keep hungry. They're tombstones of ten million children who'll rise and curse you on your way down to Hell. Ten million dollars, and every dollar a knife-blade which you stuck into some bleeding and suffering human heart.

PHILIP: More poppycock! More moonshine! You can't affect me, young man, with these socialistic debating-hall tricks. You can't dazzle *my* judgment with those Forsyth Street fire-works. I've got what I've got. I carry the pass-key and pay the taxes. And it looks good to me. It's mine! And instead of mooning around with a red flag, I've fought and earned it.

OTTO: Fought? Pooh! How have you fought? By picking off your fellow-men, one by one, from behind a stone-wall called Capital. By taking pot-shots at every poor beggar from behind a rampart of dirty dollars.

PHILIP: Wait! How did I get behind that rampart?

OTTO: You simply crawled into a wooden horse called Organization, and let your own enemies drag you into it. Then you turned and knifed the people who'd hauled you where you are! You

got into it the same as they got into Troy.

PHILIP (*Stoutly, but blinking a moment at the other's ingenuity of figure*): Well, wherever I started out to go, whether it was right or wrong, I got there. (*With a contemptuous hand-wave towards the useless bomb*) I didn't four-flush. I didn't flunk. I didn't fail.

OTTO: No, you watched the other poor devils go down, and when they were down, you sat on their heads and held them there, the same as we do with our cab-horses when they fall. Yes, you've got your dollars and pay your taxes and carry your pass-key, but as you stand there, with all your stone and brick and flowers and flunkies about you, I feel sorry for you. When I look at you there, with your well-fed body and your crafty, animal self-satisfied face and your brutalized bull-dog mouth, I can't help feeling sorry for you. I don't even blame you. You can't help it. You're only a chip on the current. You're only the blind product of something you can't understand. You're *pathetic*—and you can't see it; you don't know it. You're only the scum that floats on the top of the whole rancid rotten stream of this modern life that men dare to call civilized.

PHILIP (*Looking with a snort at his small and ill-clad body*): And what are you?

OTTO: Never mind what I am. I may have gone ill-clad and hungry for twenty years. I may have gone without orchids in my buttonhole and silver on my breakfast-table. But I've remembered that all men were my brothers. I've been warmed by a flame you never felt. I've seen the Light that makes beautiful earth's loneliest places.

PHILIP (*Staring at the fountain of this mysterious rhapsody*): Gone hungry! Yes, there's the gist of the whole thing. Of the Haves and the Have-Nots, you've always been a Have-Not. You've taken to this mental tipple of Anarchy, the same as washerwomen take to gin. You're like the rest of them—you wouldn't mouth quite so much if you happened to be eating a slice of the melon. Oh, I know you socialists and your fine high-sounding altruistic theories!

OTTO (*Sharply*): Don't call me a Socialist. I'm no Socialist.

PHILIP: Well, you're an anarchist! What's the difference?

OTTO (*With his bitter laugh*): The difference? One stands and points out evil. The other gets busy and roots it out.

PHILIP: Well, there's not an anarchist ever walked the East Side I couldn't feed the theories out of in two weeks' time.

OTTO (*Gasping*): You—you have the blindness to say you could *feed* my beliefs, my convictions, out of me? (*He laughs again.*) So what I think is only a matter of beefsteaks?

PHILIP (*With heat*): But you don't even *think*. You're not good business. You're not clear-headed. You don't *see* straight, for all your wordy shuffling and slyness.

OTTO: I'll see straight enough to find my way back here with another bomb.

PHILIP: No, you won't! You don't even know what's ahead of you, what's around you,—what you're mixed up with. You've never even investigated this gang of yours. You don't know your own organization.

OTTO: And why should this interest you?

PHILIP: Because *I* have. I've taken the pains to discover you come from a gang of time-serving idlers who're a cross between Black-Handers and crust-throwers, of skulking criminals, two of them with police records, a set of shiftless dirty lousy grafters who'd rather wave red flags and swill cheap wine than earn their daily bread, who fatten on Discontent, who'd rather rob than work! That's plain talk, and I'll make it still plainer by saying you're one of them!

OTTO (*The flame of his anger mounting as he proceeds*): And you call me one of them, me who studied under Ferrer and loved and worked with Prince Kropotkin? You, *you* judge me! Do you know Hebrew? Do you know modern Greek? Can you speak Magyar? Or Russian? Or French? Or Italian? *You* call me *that!* Me

OTTO (AMAZED): YOU'LL TRY TO MAKE ME HAPPY?
(WITH DREAMY MISERY, AS HE GAZES
AT HER FACE): BUT I DON'T THINK
YOU COULD MAKE ME HAPPY
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

who sat at the feet of Lopatine, and helped draft the revised organization of the International Terrorists. Me, who led the Progressive Lyceum for two years, who brought Galliano from the University of Turin, who wrote *La Frustra*, and translated it into seven languages, and republished Stirner's Breviary of Destruction into Bohemian, and rewrote Heine in Little Russian, and read Herbert Spencer and Anatole France and Schilling before Wall Street ever knew their names!

PHILIP: That's just it. Those cranks have killed your brain.

OTTO: That's a lie. Men like that don't kill brain. They emancipate it!

PHILIP: Then what have you got out of it?

OTTO (*Raptly*): Light—the Light that leads me onward!

PHILIP: Onward to Sing-Sing.

OTTO: The Light that leads to liberty—the Light that Corday and Santo and Bresci saw!

PHILIP: Yes, and Booth and Czolgosz! (*Wheeling on him contemptuously*) Why, you're a bomb yourself—all you do is explode into words and burn yourself out with a puff of rhetoric!

OTTO: And you and your dollars are the only Big Noise of this Republic?

PHILIP: Bah, I could teach you more in a week than all your *weinstube* bigots and beer-cellar orators could show you in a year.

OTTO (*Challengingly*): Then teach me.

PHILIP (*Explosively, after staring at him a moment*): By God, I'd like to!

OTTO (*Derisively*): Then, why don't you?

(*Louise, all this time, has been intently studying Otto, as she might study a wild animal in a Zoo. He clearly interests her as something novel and untamed. His pale and melancholy-eyed face, for all his vituperative outbursts, vaguely touch her pity. She sees Philip's vast hulk confronting the smaller youth, and she steps forward.*)

LOUISE (*With quiet and feminine directness*): Aren't you both speaking with unnecessary heat? Aren't you both looking at the same thing from different sides?

PHILIP: There's only one side to this thing.

LOUISE: But aren't you both rather excited over something that ought to be talked over quietly?

PHILIP (*Reprovingly*): When this madman's mere presence here is an affront to me? But I could forgive that. It's having him insult my intelligence I can't overlook.

LOUISE (*Silencing Otto with a gesture*): But he's only heard one side, and the *wrong* side, of all your life. If he knew what you were in your own home——

OTTO (*Aside*): Which might be said of the Bengal tiger!

LOUISE: If he knew what a lot of good you did, if I told him of the thousands and thousands you give away in charity, of the thousands more you've planned to give, he'd come to see how wrong his whole idea of us must be.

OTTO: And if you knew history, or economics, you'd know this passion of the plutocrat to give something away, to salve the sore, is only a symptom of the whole civic disease, the same as a sweat that comes out in fever. It's no honor to him. It's a law of social evolution. It's only a sop—it's only a peg to hold down the tent.

LOUISE (*With unimaginative womanly immediacy*): But isn't it being as true to one's self as writing odes to liberty? Isn't it as effective as translating books on anarchy?

OTTO (*Feeling the muffled thrust and resenting it*): Oh, don't imagine I've been a cooing turtle-dove all my days. Don't take me for one of those Yiddish minor poets who write of the social Millennium and haunt the dairy-lunch counters.

LOUISE (*With solemn concern as she steps still nearer him*): And that reminds me, speaking of dairy-lunches. Have you breakfasted? Have you had anything to eat to-day?

OTTO (*In his absent and impersonal way*): Have I? I really forget.

LOUISE (*Her latent maternal instinct stirring*): Try to think. Have you? (*She rings*) You look tired. And I'm going to have breakfast in.

(*Louise and Philip exchange pregnan glances at the same time that Otto*

embarrassed and in some way humiliated, passes a hand over his eyes. Then he starts and turns abruptly to Philip.)

OTTO: What was I saying?

PHILIP: Something about cooing turtle-doves, I believe.

OTTO (*His vague resentment focussing on the point*): You say that as though you took *me* for one!

PHILIP (*Ruefully viewing bomb-case*): Not when you're carrying around an egg like that.

OTTO: I want you to remember that it was me, me, who originated the Schnaubelt Fuse. And it was me who invented the Echo Bomb. (*A butler and footman have entered with breakfast.*)

PHILIP (*To Otto*): And what nice little humanitarian article might that be?

(*Louise has herself placed a chair for him and called him without response. She now gently leads him by the arm to his place at the table, where he sits down, absent-mindedly, still looking at Philip.*)

OTTO (*To Philip*): Would you like to see one?

(*Otto rises and quietly reaches down in an inside pocket. To the consternation of the other two, he produces what at first sight looks like a whiskey-flask swathed in soft chamois. As he unwraps the chamois, and the glint of metal shows through it, Philip draws back, startled.*)

PHILIP: Good God, you're not loaded down with those things, are you? (*His hands tremble in spite of his efforts at control.*)

OTTO: You believe in a double-barrel, don't you, even when you shoot ducks?

PHILIP: Get back, Louise—for God's sake, get back!

OTTO: No, the lady may as well understand. This is the emergency bomb. We usually carry one for ourselves. That's in case of accidents. As you see, it's quite small, but much more powerful than this one. (*Touches other bomb.*) And it's beautifully simple. All you have to do, when the necessity arises, is to bite on this fulminate cap with your teeth. Like that.

LOUISE (*Putting up a terrified hand*): Don't!

PHILIP: Stop!

OTTO (*The virtuoso still*): The moment you do that, it detonates. It's infallible. It blows the head completely off the body. (*Absently*) I saw it work, once, in Riga. The body remained standing, for several seconds.

PHILIP (*Wiping his moist forehead*): Good God!

LOUISE (*With a look of reproval at her husband, and taking herself in hand as she compels herself to move nearer Otto*): Isn't that fascinating!

OTTO: As I've said, it's an echo bomb; it carries two charges, I mean.

LOUISE (*Seductively*): How can it do that?

OTTO: The first charge is made of perchlorate of ammonia and myrobalan; you use twice as much of the perchlorate, and then a little fish-glue to make it plastic. The advantage is, of course, that while the blasting-power is terrific, it detonates without producing a high temperature. The second charge, which can be timed to go off one, two, three, four minutes after the first, is chiefly one part nitric acid and three parts sulphuric, taken up by an absorbent. It's very much like gun-cotton, in fact. It's insensible to pressure, to percussion. and to friction. You could throw it against a wall or pound it with a hammer, but it wouldn't go off until this special mercurial-fulminate sets it off.

LOUISE (*Compelling herself to calmness, with a courageous pretence of interest*): But what is the advantage of the echo, as you call it?

OTTO: Its advantage is that even though we're dying for the Cause, the Cause itself is advanced. The first explosion, naturally, will bring up your official, the gendarme, the Cossack, the police-officer, whatever he happens to be. The second explosion will occur while he is still standing there.

LOUISE (*dulcetly*): What ingenuity! It's so simple, and yet how you must have studied over it!

OTTO (*Proudly*): It took three years' thought to work it out.

PHILIP (*His indignation almost submerged by sheer bewilderment*): And this is the thing you're proudest of? This thing that's only able to maim and kill, to strike down the innocent when it's least expected?

OTTO: Is that as bad as locking God's wheat up in steel towers, as bad as cornering the grain-market and making a million families hungry when they least expected it?

PHILIP (*Pounding the table*): Yes; a thousand times, yes.

OTTO: I wish you'd show me how.

PHILIP: By Heaven, I'd give a thousand dollars for the chance. I'd give a thousand dollars to have you here, above-ground, for one week's time.

OTTO: Above ground? What do you mean by that? That I've lived in a hole?

PHILIP (*Explosively*): That you've lived in the *dark!*

LOUISE (*With a start of illumination*): What a splendid idea that would be—a week to study and try to understand each other!

OTTO (*To Philip*): You mean you'd educate me?

PHILIP: Yes, I'd educate you. I'd show you life from the top.

OTTO: You mean I've only seen it from the bottom, the same as a house-dog sees a dinner-table?

PHILIP: Since you put it that way, yes.

OTTO (*Rising, and with fire*): No, in one week's time I'd make you an Anarchist. I'd knock the legs from under every position you've climbed to! (*He pauses, suddenly, the fire going out*): No, I wouldn't. It's impossible. You wouldn't have the brains to understand.

PHILIP: I defy you—I challenge you to try it.

LOUISE (*To Otto, who is on his feet, and has started to pound the table*): I'm afraid you haven't quite understood my husband. And I think it would be so much better if we had breakfast before we finished this argument.

OTTO: An argument? How can you argue with a man who calls Spencer a crank and Tolstoi an anarchist?

LOUISE: Yes, one has to have some common ground, doesn't one?

OTTO: Common ground? No, common sense.

LOUISE (*With undisturbed serenity*): And it takes time, so often, to reach any common ground. Wait! Why couldn't we do what you suggested, quite nicely, and without any fuss, and without any—er—appropriation of your eye-teeth? Why couldn't you stay with us under our roof, for one week's time? Why couldn't you live our life as we do, while we, on our part, try to see things as you've seen them?

OTTO (*Looking about the room*): What could all this teach me?

LOUISE (*With quiet patience*): But you say you have an open mind, that you're always looking for light.

OTTO: And you'd *feed* me into enlightenment?

LOUISE: Oh, we'd dine regularly, as we always do. But there would be other things, of course. And I'd try to show you how beautiful life can be.

OTTO (*Echoing her*): How beautiful life could be!

LOUISE: And there'd be so much you could show us! So much you could teach me. (*Not unconscious of her power*): And it would seem almost like a holiday.

OTTO (*Resentfully*): What right have I to holidays?

LOUISE: But you need it. I've noticed your cough, and you look tired.

OTTO: I *am* tired.

LOUISE: And I'll see that nothing disturbs you. I'll not bother you when you want to be alone. I'll only try to make you happy.

OTTO (*Amazed*): You'll try to make me happy? (*With dreamy misery, as he gazes at her face*): But I don't think you could make me happy.

LOUISE: Not unless you want to be. Don't you want to be?

OTTO (*As they sit face to face, elemental man confronting elemental woman, and each face, as it studies the other, holding something more than wonder and curiosity, something which amounts almost to a challenge*): Yes, I want to be!

PHILIP (*Who has fidgetted before this scene, but now with the business man's eye on the main issue*): And in the meantime, this —— (*He points to the echo bomb.*)

LOUISE (*Quickly, with a flash of reproval at him*): This is to be a thing of the past. (*She quietly takes the bomb from Otto's unprotesting hand.*

Then her eyes again meet Otto's): And you will promise me, on your word of honor, that for one week's time there will be no talk of such things. Nothing will be done. We will all play fair. We'll all be honest and aboveboard?

OTTO (*Wheeling suddenly on Philip*): Do you promise that?

(*Louise drops the bomb into her coffee-cup and quietly drowns it with water from a carafe.*)

PHILIP (*His conscience not quite clear, but meeting the emergency*): Yes, I promise that. . . . .

LOUISE (*To Otto*): And you give me your promise?

OTTO: Yes, I give you my promise

LOUISE (*In her soft and tranquillizing voice, as she takes up the silver coffee-pot*): And now we're going to talk things over, just as three sensible people ought to! (*Her smile laves Otto, who watches her as she pours out the coffee. Doyle steps into the room, stops at the door, and stands looking at the seated trio.*)

LOUISE (*To Otto*): Do you take cream?

DOYLE (*Weakly, utterly bewildered*): Well, I'll be damned!

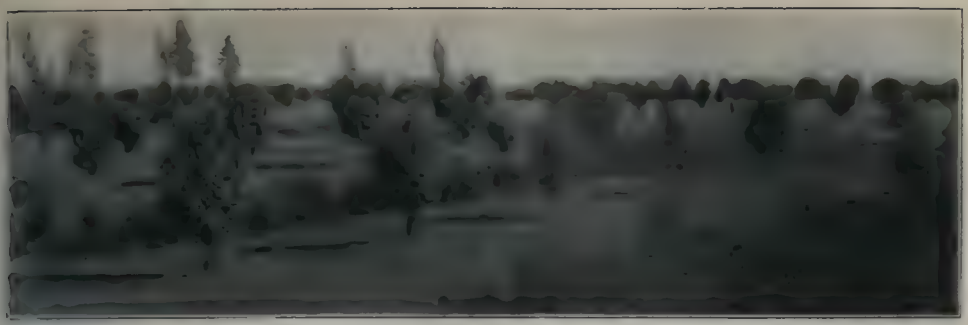
(CURTAIN)

Act III of "The Firebrand" will appear in Canada Monthly for February.

A DREAM IN THE DUSK

BY FITZHUGH COYLE GOLDSBOROUGH

ONCE, as the dying day,
Veiled in a spectral sheen of eerie gauze,
On the horizon leaned at wistful pause—
A reminiscence as of rosemary—
A wraith of wan transparent lavender
The arras of my fancy seemed to stir
Faintly, as when the ghost of some rare scent
Breathes over mused brows of sweet things spent—
Ah, yes—I dreamed of her.



A FLOURISHING ORCHARD OF SIX-YEAR OLD TREES IN A MOUNTAIN VALLEY

Pocket-Handkerchief Farms

By George R. Belton

Illustrated With Photographs

TEN-ACRE farms may seem to provide small and petty occupation, when compared with operation of the large wheat-fields of the prairie, where five horse teams turn over ten acres a day with the gang-plow and even larger work is done by steam outfits. Yet the ten-acre farms are also a success. A different kind of success, perhaps, and one attained by different means, yet a success just as satisfying to the owner and at times just as profitable as the larger acreage of the wheat-grower. Needless to say the successful ten-acre farm is found only in one part of Western Canada, and that is in the most Western Province, British Columbia.

As if to balance the huge prairie grain fields, nature has made British Columbia essentially a tree and fruit country. Its minerals are, of course, one of its largest resources, but from the standpoint of the settler, and perhaps from the standpoint of the general mass of the people, the fruit-growing possibilities of British Columbia are its most valuable and easiest accessible resources. Mining and lumbering need large capital for their operations; the ten-acre farm is within the reach of anyone with ordinary energy and ability. An important class of people who look to the ten-acre farm with anticipation is provided by the wheat farmers who wish to retire into a life giving enough activity to keep health and mental vigor in a climate more suited to declining years than the bracing seasons of the prairie where they made their money.

The ten-acre farm is essentially a home. The fruit-farmer is always a home-builder. Lawlessness ceased in the American frontier where fruit-growing began to root people to the soil; "open" towns were closed with a bang throughout British Columbia where the mining booms settled down, and the people turned their attention to the gold that could be raised from the soil in fruit instead of ore. The close intimacy of the small farmers brings about co-operation and neighborly understanding, and the ten-acre farm with its bearing fruit-trees, its acres growing into bearing, and its poultry, milk cattle and general intensive farming provides an ideal home for the man who wishes to live close to nature with the comforts and conveniences of advanced civilization close at hand.

The total results of ten acres properly tilled and with, say, seven

THE BUSY YOUNGSTER WITH THE HOE PLANTED TEN 140-YARD ROWS OF POTATOES BETWEEN THE YOUNG FRUIT-TREES, AND ON JULY FIFTH SOLD THEM IN TOWN FOR $33.25

acres in bearing fruit, are not to be despised even by the bumper wheat farmer. Seven acres of fourteen-year-old prunes on Hansberger's farm at Grand Forks, B. C., produced $630.00 per acre this year. A nearby farm gave over $450.00 per acre in strawberries; onions, shipped by the ton, have given results as good. Of course, the Grand Forks district has the advantage of a season somewhat earlier, owing to its position, "far enough west to be warm and not far enough to be wet," and in a sheltered valley open to the southwest; thus it obtains the higher prices of the early market. Yet results as good are reported from other parts of the province quite frequently. And besides the present yield of the land from vegetables and small fruits, and its certain huge yields when the fruit-trees mature, there is the added advantage that a fruit farm properly tilled increases its productiveness every year instead of decreasing in fertility.

The accompanying photographs show a typical fruit-farmer's home; the residence of W. A. Cooper, one mile from Grand Forks B. C. The home-maker's love for trees, flowers, and well-kept grounds is in evidence. A second illustration shows how the land is brought into fruit; vegetables growing amongst the trees as they come to maturity. Trees bear fruit in paying quantities at four years of age in this district, but the land between the trees is always kept cultivated instead of growing into the grassy lawn so familiar in the orchards of many lands, and vegetables are grown between the rows till the trees are ten or twelve years of age. The ten rows of potatoes, 140 yards long, shown here netted the boy who grew them $33.25 when sold on July fifth.

A farm is divided into ten-acre tracts, the divisions being marked by the different directions of rows of vegetables on the different tracts, no fences being used by fruit-farmers unless needed for special reasons. Small fruits, asparagus and strawberries are grown on the three different tracts shown in the heading of this article. The trees in this picture are six years old, all having been planted at the same time before sub-division, which is a

THE COMFORTABLE HOME OF A TEN-ACRE FARMER IN THE COUNTRY "THAT'S FAR ENOUGH WEST TO BE WARM AND NOT FAR ENOUGH TO BE WET"

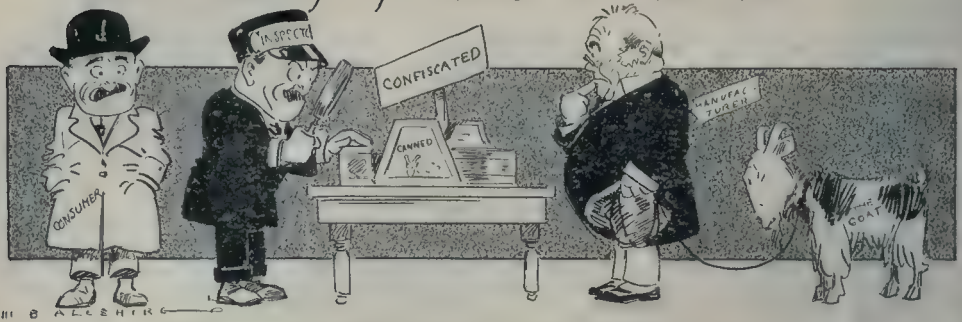
common plan in British Columbia, the trees being grown to yielding age before the ten-acre farms are offered for sale, though there are often wild lands offered in similar plots that the buyer can plant out to suit himself and wait longer for his results in fruit.

British Columbia fruit is by this time famous in all the Eastern cities. For the last half-dozen years it has carried off the prizes at the Royal Agricultural Society's show in London, and is at a premium in the English market. The man who has capital enough to plant his fortune in the light, productive soil of one of the mountain valleys and to feed himself until his trees come to bearing is secure in a sort of Valley of Content. It is not a country for the poor man who must depend on his Saturday night pay envelope to keep the bread-crock full and his children's cheeks rosy, but rather a land for the investor of moderate to good means, who is tired of humping his shoulders over a city desk, or of superintending the production and marketing the crop of a big prairie wheat-farm.

The ten-acre farm chosen amongst wild land even near a market will not give a ready living until at least some of it is prepared for crops, except where the trees upon it are salable as timber or fire-wood. Even ten acres of cleared land, unless ready for the plow, will not provide a living for the settler the first year, so that one taking up such a property must have a little capital or must have other employment available for the first year or so. Ten acres all ready for vegetables and half in young bearing fruit trees will provide a good living from the start, however, and such tracts of all three classes are available at reasonable prices in the vicinity where these photos were taken.

The GENUINE ARTICLE

Some assembled evidence to show that we don't always get what we ask for



BY · RODEN · KINGSMILL

Illustrated · · by · · M B Aleshire

WHEN, in the course of human events, it became necessary for the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa to explain his new Trade Marks Bill, there was, as those bright reporters say, much laughter when it came out that there was such an edible as canned goat. The side-splitters that the Parliamentary humorists got off when this amazing discovery was announced in Mr. Sydney Fisher's silver trumpet tones were even above the average of House of Commons wit.

"Butt"—two t's there, please—"Butt," demanded the statesmen, "have Canadians really got down to eating goat's meat?"

Ask of the winds; for answer there was none. There was a suspicion that preserved goat—with caper sauce, you know—might be induced to masquerade as Southdown mutton. And, doubtless, the mutton would taste better, if feed has anything to do with meat flavors.

If the goat remained within its can and honestly represented itself to be just what it was, there are a few other dietetic articles that don't do likewise, and the pure food inspectors of the Department of Inland Revenue are the gentlemen who can tell you all about it if you really want full particulars. We have a pretty good Food Substitution Act in Canada; not to say that it could not be improved. But, as far as they are able under the law, the inspectors are always at work around the big stores of the cities and the little stores of the towns and villages looking for adulterated foods, substituted foods; once in a while, genuinely poisonous foods.

The Department of Inland Revenue issues bulletins week after week, stating where adulterated samples were found, together with the name of the retailer and the name of the manufacturer. Now and then the culprit manufacturers are sent for and warned by the Department, and they invariably promise to do better. As a rule, they do—for a while. The police court cases are rare, for in the most of the cases the shopkeeper is not to blame. He has bought the goods honestly, and it would be unfair to penalize him for another's fault. The same proportion comes in which the manufacturer is concerned. It is a sure thing that the manufacturer who labels his product would find it the worst of business habitually to turn out an adulterated article.

And so, the label is your safeguard.

The law should be amended so as to give the counterfeiters all the publicity that they deserve. It would have been so amended at this session if Dreadnaughts had not sailed into view and taken all the wind—so to speak—out of

"WHAT'S YOURS?" RYE, SCOTCH, BOURBON, CLUB, "CASK-MELLOWED" OR "STORED SINCE '49" ALL SPRING FROM THE SAME DEMIJOHN IF YOU ARE CLEVER ENOUGH TO SURPRISE THE "BAR-KEEP" ALONE

the House of Commons. Next year may bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

The food-fakers' really long suit is the pungent and cheap ground pepper. The Department's bulletins tell us a sempiternal tale of woe about the outrageous mishandling to which the homely fruit of the pepper tree and the interior economy of the consumers are subjected by the case-hardened miscreants who help to fill their tills by sophisticating it. The list of adulterants is comprehensive. About the mildest mixer is ground chaff and husks. Then the inventive adulterating genius has used pulverized cocoanut shells, sand, flour and common ordinary dirt—usually clay.

Pass the pepper, please!

Chief Analyst McGill holds out some comfort to the pepper eater, for he announces that last year out of 152 samples 110 were the genuine article. "Nevertheless," he says, "pepper is one of the most badly adulterated articles of food in Canada. The recent enforcement in the United States of a strict inspection in food-stuffs, and the refusal in several of the States to admit materials imported for the express purpose of adulterating spices, have resulted in attempts on the part of the shippers to secure a dumping ground for these adulterants."

Some of the comments upon the microscopical examinations of the samples taken up by the Department are interesting. Samples of white pepper are described as: "Adulterated. This is labelled white, but is a black pepper—contains wheat flour, cocoanut shells and dirt." "Adulterated with buckwheat flour." "Adulterated with wheat flour." "Contains stone cells, brown in color; probably meant for black pepper."

Pepper is a fairly pungent article, but let us turn to another product which, I am informed, can give it cards and spades in point of irritating power. It is Canadian whiskey, which does not often come within the purview of the inspectors, so far as I can ascertain. I

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF GETTING PURE FOODS? YOU CAN'T, BUT IT HELPS SOMEWHAT TO LOOK FOR THE LABEL AND KNOW THE STOREKEEPER

know a man who has a brother-in-law, who is acquainted with a prominent citizen. This latter gentleman has an astounding and appalling tale to tell regarding the treatment to which Canadian whiskey is subjected at the hands of certain licensed purveyors of the same.

The prominent citizen is engaged in the manufacture of patent disk-harrows, and it will readily be understood that when he entered a certain Toronto cafe one morning, he repaired thither for strictly business reasons. It happened that, on account of the early hour, no patrons had yet arrived. Behind the long counter which, it is reported, is to be found in such establishments, stood the mānager. In front of him were a number of empty bottles, bearing perhaps half a dozen Canadian whiskey labels. The genial and efficient manager greeted the visitor, begged for a moment's grace, and by means of a large tin funnel proceeded to fill each and every one of those bottles from the same corpulent demijohn. The prominent citizen was considerably surprised.

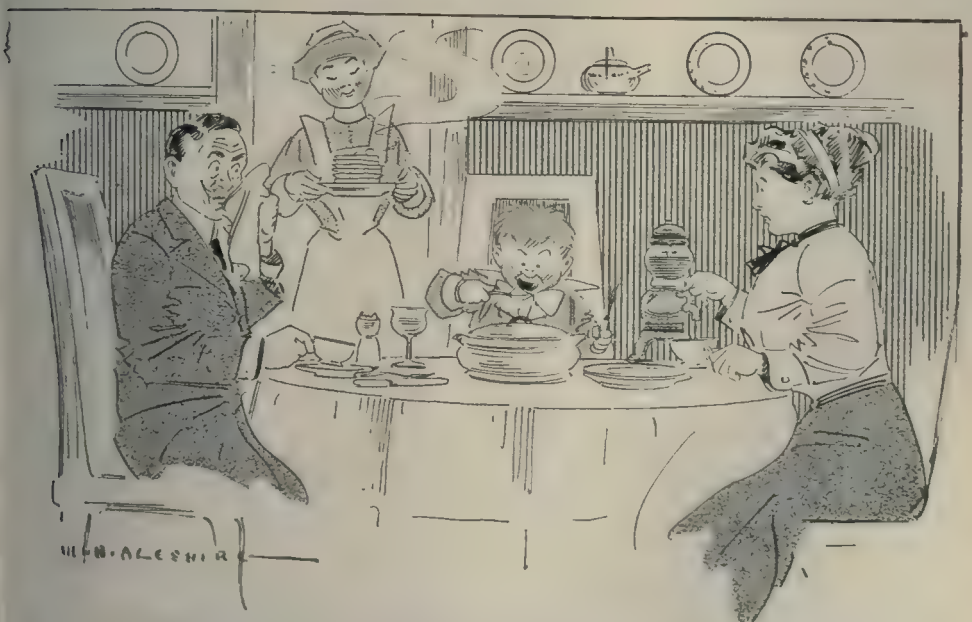
The fine in such cases made and provided is $50.00 and costs. There have been few prosecutions. But the Canadian revenue, in such instances, is defrauded. So, incidentally, is the customer.

From the beverage which stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder, it is not a long jump to the useful and at times desirable clove. The last time His Majesty's minions started investigating the spicy morsels, they found only 74 samples out of 145 were the genuine article. But you really can't label a clove with any great degree of success, so the foregoing warning does not seem to apply in this case.

How about your breakfast coffee? Here the winsome housewife is pretty nearly safe if she makes her choice between the branded article or the honest grocer. But the dishonest grocer can show his fine sophisticating hand through his whirring mill if he so pleases, and if his early teaching has been defective.

The adulterant that he usually employs is so cheap as to make cheating well worth his while. Nothing but

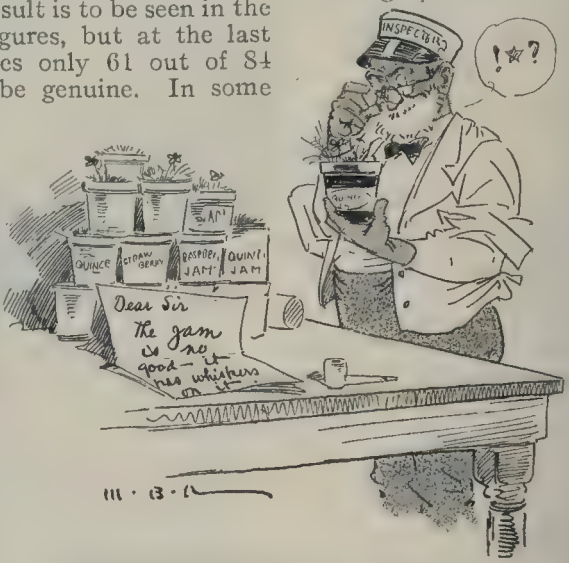
THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR MUST POKE AN INQUISITIVE NOSE INTO ALL SORTS OF ANCIENT SECRETS IN THE STOREKEEPER'S BACK ROOM



HOW ABOUT THAT BREAKFAST COFFEE YOU LIKE A SECOND CUP OF SO WELL? PART OF ITS CONSTITUENTS MAY BE A GROUND UP OLD SHOE ONCE BELONGING TO A COON

plain, ordinary roast grain. This is rank fraud and mean fraud, too, for the victims are in many cases folk who have not too much money to spend on coffee or anything else. The coffee crook is in about the same class as the fellow who waters the milk.

And the toothsome maple syrup. Here we have both the food inspectors and the producers of the honest article working in our behalf. The sellers of pure syrup have long and sharp knives for the gentry who mix glucose and water and a little maple syrup or maple extract. The result is to be seen in the Department's figures, but at the last round of samples only 61 out of 84 were found to be genuine. In some cases the retail dealer apparently knew he was selling the mixture and not the real article. Two samples were taken up in Toronto, and both were found to be adulterated. In each case the dealer admitted that the sample was not genuine without waiting for the result of an analysis. But conditions are improving. In March, 1905, only 36 per cent. of the samples examined were found to be genuine, while in May, 1909, the percentage had risen to 87. In 1906, 42 per cent. of the samples examined were found to be genuine. The improvement, though, is not progressive. One year the number of adulterations will be quite high, then it will drop the next year, but show a marked increase the year after. No doubt the extent to which adulterations is carried on depends very much upon the abundance or the scarcity of the genuine article.



THE INSPECTOR LOOKED INTO A PAIL, AND LO, THE TALE WAS TRUE. THE HAY SEEDS HAD BEGUN TO SPROUT

The citizen who has not yet joined the aquarians cannot always be sure that when he calls for a glass of old port he is going to get the genuine article. It may be Canadian claret, fortified with brandy and sweetened. Not that there is no Canadian port. There is—sound, honest wine. A censurable scheme is the practice of labelling native wine as "imported". Several consignments of alleged French and Portuguese wines were seized in Montreal not long ago. They were labelled "Muscatel de France, 1908." "Oporto de France, 1898." and "Chateau Ramszay". Another sample of native wine was labelled not only as coming from a foreign port, but also with the name of a mythical vintner, "Fine old Port, Manuel Borez, Oporto."

The experimental chemist who synthesized coal tar and discovered aniline dyes did a great work, even though he nearly killed the indigo industry. But it is not likely that he ever intended his dyes to be used as coloring agents in food. They are poisonous, yet they are sometimes used to give those dainty tints to ice-cream. Some butter that was seized by the inspectors derived its golden yellow from Pennsylvania coal mines. Unfermented grape juice is treated in the same way. "Dyed pink, aniline dye." "Dyed scarlet, aniline dye." "Contains aniline dye and salicylic acid," the bulletins report.

A strawberry jam, made of condemned apples, hayseed, flavoring extracts and aniline dye must be a very superior after-breakfast *bonne bouche*. The article is quite common. Reckless merriment does not characterize the Inland Revenue Inspectors, but one of them must have thought it quite a good one when he seized a consignment of this line of jam that had been returned to the manufacturer with a complaint

from the retailer. "This jam is no good," wrote the storekeeper. "It has whiskers." The inspector looked into a pail, and lo, the tale was true. The hayseeds had begun to sprout.

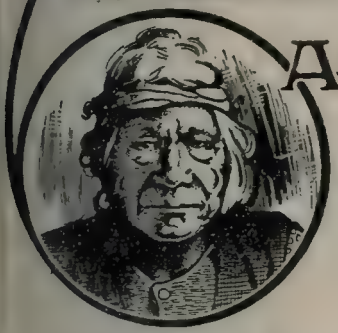
But man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and the substitutor is not going to die just yet. We encounter him in the gilded grill rooms and the gay cafes—although we may not know it. What matters it that your Filet de Sole, Sauce Tartare, is humble haddock; or that the breaded sweetbread is disguised lamb's fry? They are just as toothsome and do as much alimentation. The only difference, really, is in the price. And it is good to distribute money and thus, by oiling the wheels of commerce, to help the Canadian national chariot to roll on toward its glorious place in the procession of commonwealths.

But, in the meantime: Look for the label and know the store-keeper.

A DESERT ELOPEMENT.

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY.

Illustrations by C. O. Longabaugh.



As the long string of Pullmans came into view, cutting through the sun-hot, sandy wastes of the Great Desert like a black snake, the small railroad station at Nogales became alive with animated figures.

A moment before the train had signalled its approach by a long, drawn-out whistle. a lighted match thrown in the midst of the loungers on the platform would have been of little avail save to accentuate the orange glow of the sunshine, sparkling and dancing upon the yellow sands of New Mexico.

The one excitement of the day was the arrival of the west-bound passenger train. Those travellers coming east rewarded but slimly the Indians or Mexicans idling away the hours of day and night. But the west-bound! Ah, there was the chance—nay, the certainty, of the curiosity of some of the passengers to be counted upon with payment for beads, moccasins, baskets and blankets offered for sale.

The thunderstorm of the night before had left a tang in the fresh-washed air that even now, in the golden afternoon, caused the Indians and Mexicans to huddle more closely into the folds of blankets or serapes. The whistle of the engine had roused their sleeping faculties, yet those who looked forth on the gleaming sands were but mildly curious when a silhouette became sharply defined away out toward the rim-depression of the horizon.

To the incoming passengers, any break in the monotony of the long hours through the desert was welcome.

A young Indian, blanketed, straight as the tall pines of the foothills faintly to be discerned in the distance, his bronze arms as perfectly reflecting the sun's rays as the surface of a deep pool, raced toward the station, and in a spirit, it seemed, of defiance of the power of steam, he sped along parallel with the train. He shook back his long black hair, with its feathered

HE RAISED HIS RIGHT ARM AS THOUGH TO INVOKE THE GODS OF CHANCE

decorations, even as the smoke was flung back from the engine. His limbs were of the suppleness of the finest velvet, of the strength of steel. His bare arms lay close to his sides as he kept alongside, then, in a magnificent burst of speed, he shot ahead into the station. The passengers, entering into the spirit of the race, peered excitedly from the windows.

Such a disembarking as there was! Men, whose limbs needed exercise, envious of the young Indian's freedom from civilization's garb, hardly waited for the last turn of the wheels before they flung themselves on to the hot planks of the platform.

A group quickly gathered about the statue-like young creature who stood with his blanket clasped beneath his bare arms, his dark eyes full of contempt as the white men freely commented upon the glory of his strength and the well-covered muscles that had responded so accurately when demand had been made. His glance traveled toward the Indian women who began to offer their wares to the passengers.

An English tourist, his sporting blood aroused, tapped the Indian upon the chest lightly.

"Remarkably fine run, that, old chap." Which remark was heeded not at all.

A young Indian maiden came slinking after the passengers, with a string of beads in her hands.

"Two bit, please," she said.

Her eyes met those of the runner in one long, unbroken gaze.

A snarl of guttural tones behind her brought an expression of warning into her eyes—a warning to the runner. She turned to face an elderly nondescript of her race. He was dressed in cast-off garments, representing trade or theft. Trousers fringed at the edges, a coat green with age, a shirt that had not yet lost all semblance of the red dyes that had awakened covetousness many moons past, and a battered silk hat that had been the sport of winds and rain.

Evidently he held authority over the girl, for, after an unmistakable gesture of dismissal on his part, she moved slowly away. As she reached the corner of the platform, the runner uttered an exclamation, throwing out his gleaming arms, making a clearing just about him. His blanket fell to the ground, revealing a loin cloth as his sole covering. He posed consciously for a moment as the girl looked back over her shoulder.

His exclamation was a challenge. He pointed to the quoits lying nearby on the yellow sand. The nondescript, shrugging his shoulders, repeated the cry and hitched his way to the quoits, while three other young Indians moved forward in response to his call.

A wave of the hand on the part of the runner gave them first trial. As they flung the discs, he watched the

girl loitering at the end of the station.

When his turn came, the young runner drew his frame to its full height, raised his right arm as though to invoke the gods of chance, and uttered a name that stirred the nondescript to demoniacal rage, and brought a smile to the lips of the girl.

The disc cut through the sunshine. Full on the stake it struck, time after time. The money flung on the ground was left lying there.

Again he looked toward the girl, but the nondescript, speaking rapidly, harshly, started in her direction, and she passed out of sight.

Once more a challenge broke the silence. From a quiver slung at his side, the runner took bow and arrows. Fitting an arrow, he drew the bow until it sung and let drive straight out at the heart of the desert. On, on it sped, until those watching could but dimly distinguish it.

Buck Miller, cowboy, coming in at a lope on his cow-pony, shouted in his

"TWO BIT, PLEASE," SHE SAID

"I WISHT I'D GONE LIGHTER ON THAT BOTTLE O' BOOZE"

exuberance: "What yer aimin' at, Injun? You'll hit the town hall in Chihuahua at that rate!"

His wild whoop as he returned the arrow he had picked up out on the plains brought the girl into view. She raised her hand and pointed to the west. The runner saw and understood without appearing to notice, while fitting the arrow to the bow. Again it kissed the clear air, singing its way toward the east.

His eagle eyes swept the scene. A small group of Indians was making their way across the hot sands. He knew the girl was one of them. The nondescript also gazed with rapt attention upon those of his family he had ordered to vamoose.

The runner interrupted this contemplation by an offer of the bow and arrow. The chuckle with which they were accepted by this strikingly arrayed old creature demonstrated that they were no new toys to him. His bent figure grew majestic, his bowed shoulders, straightened, his bleared eyes gleamed and twinkled maliciously, his arms tautened as he bent the bow and sent the arrow afar off with a triumphant air.

Removing the gaily decorated quiver from his shoulders, the runner gathered the coin he had won, which still lay among the quoits. Placing a silver dollar upon an arrow end, split to hold

it in position, he raised it aloft, then pointed out toward the east.

The old man grunted approval, the greed in his eye growing. As the young Indian ran out to place the target, he faced toward the west to watch the small group on the sands fading into the horizon. He saw one speck move away from the larger portion, coming back toward the station. Selecting a position for the arrow that made the station into a screen, he returned to see the preparations made by the nondescript for the winning of the dollar.

These consumed much time. The disreputable silk hat was brushed with the frayed coat sleeve, the torn shirt was jauntily arranged to reveal other portions of the tawny chest, the long braids were tossed back over the greasy coat collar, and much talk was exchanged with his companions. He tried the bow again and again before speeding the arrow on its way to the dollar drunk he already felt was his. A blood-curdling yell from the runner so startled this wooden personage, giving unexpected impetus to his arm, as to release the arrow. Leaning breathlessly after it as it flew to the mark, with those about him listening in sympathy for the ping of its impact, the old Indian flung his hands outward with an expression of delight when the arrow struck full on the heart of the coin. Off he went for his winning.

As the yell split the silence, there was a flash of bronze flesh, a streaming blanket and long black hair, and the young lover sped in the opposite direction toward the oncoming speck.

Listening to his love-call soft as the sigh of a summer breeze, with head up, antelope-wise, the girl awaited the swift moving poem of bronze and steel. Her answering call came as the two forms merged into one long shadow in the glow of the afternoon sunshine.

When the elder Indian came ambling back to the group of passengers, with his prize in his dirty hand, Buck Miller, with a sympathy for so clever a " getaway," sauntered in the direction taken by the runner. His clear vision needed no artificial aid to see a bronze arm close about the slim waist of the maid. Once the two halted, turning to watch for pursuers, then resumed their sharp march onward.

Scratching his head as he pulled his sombrero over his left eye, Buck soliloquized thus :

" Playin' guardeen angel to Injun lovers ain't altogether in my line, but I wish I'd a-gone lighter on that bottle of booze. However, I guess there's enough to hold the old galoot for a while."

As he mounted his pony, the cowboy dropped his half-filled whiskey bottle near enough to be covered swiftly by the blanket of the nondescript as he sat huddled on the edge of the platform watching the departing train, unconscious that the bow and arrow and the silver dollar in his hands had cost him a daughter.

The Call of the Divine

By Edgar H. Scott

INK! . . . lingle-tinkle-tink! . . . tink!"

The dulcet, sleepy sound of a sheep-bell spread in ever-widening ripples of sound through the warm air until they lapped and broke against the unheeding ears of a slim lad sprawled flat among the russet tussocks of prairie grass, wide-eyed and a-dream.

He was a sheep-herder on the northern plains of Saskatchewan, this boy, a sheep-herder of less than a double handful of days' experience, a lad transplanted from a congested English city to the wide unfenced levels as a young shoot is moved from the hot-house to the garden in the spring of the year. And, like the hot-house slip, after doubtfully drooping a day or so, he had held up his head and thriven in the sun.

He was *en rapport* with all his surroundings; a strange exhilaration suffused his being, an ineffable yearning, a subtle affinity with the open filled him. He was surprised into a realization of his own personality, and filled with an inexplicable awe as he thought that in all the wide expanse of country that lay before his eyes, he was the solitary human being to drink in the glories of sound and sight on such a morning.

Of the fair-haired, blue-eyed English type, the boy, although plebeian-born and bred, had a patrician bearing, and the boyish face held a quiet pensive refinement and innocence that arrested the eyes of the beholder. The contour of his face was firm and regular, and the expression sunny as the golden day.

Beside him lay a thoroughbred shepherd dog, his pointed nose comfortably laid across the body of his young master, his sensitive ears cocking expectantly when some unwonted sound disturbed the stillness, and his eyes watchfully on the grazing sheep. A few feet away an impudent gopher sat on the mound before the door of his underground domicile, gazing warily at the trespassers on his domain.

Boy and dog were for the time the supreme rulers over the small principality of which they were the centre, and on this May day the world seemed a private fairyland created for their exclusive pleasure. From the first faint streak of violet and amber on the far eastern horizon that presaged the breaking day, the two had wandered on and on into the mysterious beyond, following the fawn-colored flock that grazed aimlessly through the russet grass, ever seeking mirage pastures of verdant green.

The grey light of early morning had sifted down upon them, long golden spears spread across the sky, and as the faint rose flush along the eastern rim developed gradually into a glowing mass of color suffused with a light filmy vapor, the shepherd lad felt a sense of ennobling, uplifting peace that carried with it an admiration and worship hitherto unknown. As the morning grew older, the full sun disclosed a boundless breadth of country domed with a limpid blue sky of infinite height, cloud-ridden with huge feathery fluffs of purest snow, breathed upon by the chinook wind, and wide as the sea. Everywhere the heliotrope of the prairie anemones opened to the light, the warm earthy scent of the wet

ground rose on the air, and the meadow-larks sprang from every tuft and hillock, carolling merry matins of spring, and love, and joy. Far to the south, almost undiscernible, the irregular blue line of distant hills could be faintly seen. Here and there were black patches and streaks left by early burnings-off, and these threw into brighter contrast the vivid green ribbons of young grass along their edges. The feathery tops of last year's dry seed-stalks rustled softly in the wind. Everywhere nature spread herself out in the harmonious glory of a summer morning.

Idling on his back, the shepherd boy heard strange faraway crying, and watching intently glimpsed a faint black dot in the southern sky that, coming nearer, disclosed the long V of a flock of "waveys" or Canada geese, headed north to the wilderness and last year's nesting-grounds. Mallards and teal and redhead squattered from slough to slough in pairs, a crow drifted idly by with laborious methodical beat of wings, song-birds flitted blithely about in a very ecstasy of love-making, chattering garrulously over the problem of a summer nesting-place. The handiwork of the Creator was displayed in all its boundless wealth and infinite purity, and far away from the throngs and tenements, far from the frenzied marts of trade, far beyond the sordid ruts of civilization, the shepherd lad filled his thirsty little soul with the beauty spread out on the prairie in the sun.

In a brown study, his face reflecting the quiet of his inner self, the boy pondered thoughts that had never before come to him. Why was there such chaos and sadness and trouble in the world of men? Why did anyone doubt the existence of the Divine in the face of such exquisite loveliness? Why were men and women and children forced to eke out a painful existence in sin-stricken hovels when here was room for them all, where they might commune with the Creator and learn what He had given them, might find freedom as the boy himself had done? Why must there be the eternal fight and strain and worry and crime in the pursuit of money wherewith to purchase pleasure, while here at his feet lay peace and hope and joy for a beggar's asking? Why did no one tell his home folks, his neighbors and friends, of this land of sunshine with God's good greenness spread, that they might come and live in the full meaning of the word?

That night, in the radiant after-glow of a prairie sunset, the boy talked it over with the boss, and in the end they decided that only those who were permitted to see could understand and obey the call of Him who fashioned the flowers, and touched the birds with life and music, and opened his hand so bountifully over so fair and wide spread a land.

A PLEA

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

O FRIENDS, by this one thing I'd choose
To have your friendship well displayed:
Please keep your fingers off the bruise
My enemy unkindly made.

The Justice of the Wolves

By W. Scott Darling

Illustrated by J. J. Reynolds

NATURALISTS recognize three wolf-calls: the long-drawn deep howl, the muster-call, that tells of game discovered but too strong for the finder to manage alone; the higher ringing ululation that is the cry of the pack on the hot scent; and the sharp bark coupled with the short howl, that, seemingly least of all, is yet a gong of doom, for this is the cry, "close in"—this is the finish. But there is yet another call, a sinister sign of the woodlands, shrouded in grisly superstition, religiously credited by the children of the forests.

. . . . . .

The day was growing old. Though hardly more than three o'clock in the afternoon, night was beginning to lower her dusky mantle over the long white alleys among the snow-laden spruce forests of that beautiful North-Canadian country.

I had been on the trail all day. The rhythmical, monotonous tread of my snowshoes as they broke the crisp surface of the snow; the never-ending stretches of snow-laden evergreens; and the still, silent atmosphere unbroken by the cry of bird, beast or man, all combined to throw me into an hypnotic stupor. At last, rousing myself, I noticed the approaching night and stopped and surveyed the prospect. The path stretched onward. a dreary line of sameness. With a more minute inspection, however, a clump of ancient firs, so thick as to afford a covert from the fiercest storm, caught my eye, and I selected this as my camping ground for the night. I lit a fire of dead brushwood and carefully broke the crust of the snow, scooping out the powdery flakes beneath. Then, laying a fragrant mattress of balsam boughs, I spread my hare skin robe, and my bed was ready for the night.

I had just completed these last preparations, when suddenly I heard the furtive crunch of snowshoes behind me. I turned quickly, for one's life often depends on one's vigilance in these northern wilds, where the hand of the law seldom invades. Two figures came forward, the foremost raising his hand as a signal of peace. I replied, and they entered the fire-lit circle. It was a scarlet-coated ranger of the woods, and behind him, his wrists securely bound with thongs of skin, trudged his prisoner.

"Ah, M'sieur, may I crave a share of your camp-fire?" He bent forward with a ceremonious little bow and outflung hands.

"Certainly," I replied. "There is plenty for both you and your unfortunate."

"Pah!" He made a quick gesture of contempt. "He is of the North and is dumb like the North."

I looked at both captor and captive. Both were magnificent specimens of manhood. The ranger was a merry little French-Canadian, who plainly considered himself a man of the world. His captive was a full-blooded Ojibway with a nobility of expression that one would hardly associate with an Indian outside of a magazine cover.

I entered into conversation with the ranger and learnt his business was to convey the silent statue—he made a gesture of derision—to the nearest post

which boasted of a court and judge.

"But, what is he—a prisoner?" I asked.

"A murderer, M'sieur," he replied, calmly.

"A murderer!" I gasped, looking over at the man, who maintained an impassive silence during the recital of his crime.

"How did it happen?"

"I know not," the ranger answered, carelessly, "he keel a man, it is enough, I come for him."

He searched in his capote and brought out a small bag of tea, some bannock and some dried caribou meat, then unslinging a diminutive tea-pail from his sash where it hung, he prepared a rude repast for his captive and himself.

Soon the frugal banquet was finished, the wants of animal man were attended to, and a silence fell upon the company.

I had just arisen preparatory to bidding my fellow-campers good-night, when a low wailing moan struck my ears. Sounding as it did in the darkness, it came as a call of evil presentiment. I looked around into the night, but the darkness was Stygian beyond the radius of the firelight. Again it rang out: a long mournful cadence, full of savagery, yet with a note of fear, that vibrated on my nerves most disagreeably. The vicious call grew louder and louder. From a faint murmur it rose until it enveloped us in a horrible, snarling uproar. The shivering chorus was coming nearer and nearer, until I saw the howling wolf-pack come scurrying, tumbling and with mouths agape, boldly out from the concealment of the trees and foliage into the radiance of the camp.

A great dark gray pack; they rushed dizzily past, and by the firelight one could see plainly the red of their open mouths and lolling tongues.

Instinctively, I threw a questioning, perhaps an appealing glance at my two companions. The ranger's face was set in a stolidity typical of the forests, but which I afterwards told myself was fatalistic. On the redskin's face there was a startling change of expression. The grave repose gave way to flashing eyes, in whose sombre depths I saw almost a gleam of triumph; and a perceptible tightening of the lips, that made him look like another man. It was a glance of hardly restrained passion. Why this change from his usual impassiveness? It could not be that the wolves—surely a familiar sight to him—could have affected him thus. While I was asking myself this question, the uproar was gradually growing less. None of us said a word till only a faint though still menacing murmur was left.

I waited until silence fell, then spoke.

"What is it?" I queried, for I could see the incident was more significant than my city-bred senses could comprehend.

"It is the death-call, M'sieur." The ranger's voice was soft and dry, yet with a clear tone of finality.

"The death-call," I repeated, amazed and perplexed.

"Oui," he answered, his face showing complete earnestness in his words. "The Indians say that a wolf can scent the death of men for many miles, and before death comes, they form in a pack and howl near the camp, and then, before the moon rises and sets again, death will take some man, and the pack will come back for a taste of his blood."

I felt myself turn cold, he spoke with such conviction. The prisoner had resumed his former calm, but the tired look had left him.

Vainly I tried to shake off the feeling of impending doom that seemed to possess me, but it was impossible. My mind, mesmerized by the solitude and loneliness, was assuming a credulity that was shaking my commonsense to its base.

I turned to my bed, bidding my companions good-night for the second time, and as I nestled into my robe of hare-skin—perhaps it was imagination—but I seemed to hear some thin passing echoes of a hunting call. I did not mean to sleep that night. Tired though I was, my brain was so excited that I felt I should not. But the wind whispering in the tree-tops lulled me to sleep ere I was settled comfortably in my snow-clad bunk.

At the first breath of dawn, I stirred and woke. It was very cold. The fire

I TURNED QUICKLY, FOR ONE'S LIFE OFTEN DEPENDS ON ONE'S VIGILANCE IN THESE NORTHERN WILDS

was out and everything was gray, unnatural and impalpable. I listened intently for the breathing of my companions, but all was quiet. The silence was intense. I crept over to the nearest sleeping hollow, but it was empty. They had gone then. I thought it strange I was not awakened by their departure. I stumbled over in the direction of the fire and came to the place where the ranger had slept. It was not empty. I stretched out my hands and felt naked flesh. My hands recoiled from it, for it was very cold.

Hastily I endeavored to light a fire, but before my nerveless fingers could accomplish their task, the light of the sun, filtering through the tree-tops, illumined the dead body of the ranger with a red, raw gash across the forehead.

And the captive? Captive no more, in the gay-coated livery of the rangers of the wood, he was bounding back to freedom and the frozen North of his people.

SONG OF A SOUND SAILOR

BY CY WARMAN

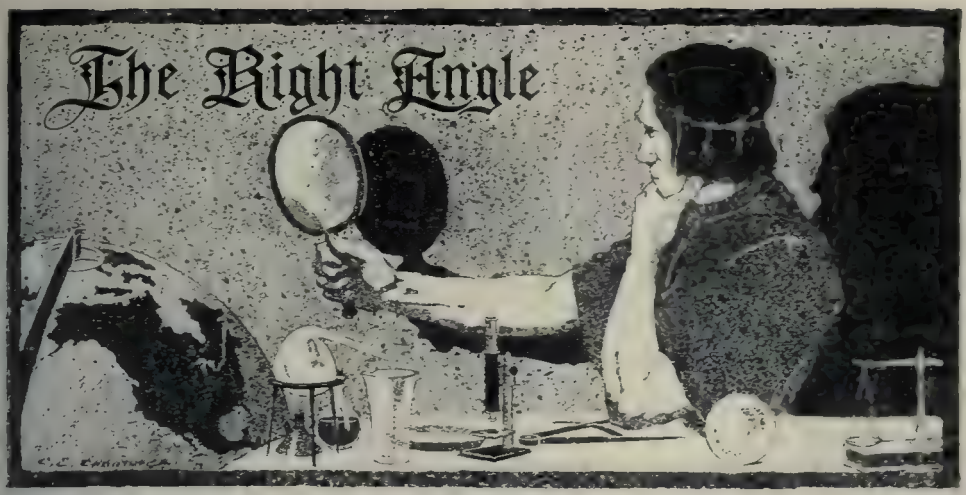
FIRST we call at Bella Bella where they educate the reds,
Where they learn to wear a Merry Widow chapeau on their heads,
Where the hardy husky huskies lie asleep beneath their sleds,
But me heart is yours, me klutch at Kitsumgollum.

There's a maid at Metlakatla, holy city of the sea,
And she says she hopes for heaven, but she always looks for me.
She's been maudlin at the Mission where she's learned to say "Tishi,"
But she doesn't know my klutch at Kitsumgollum.

There's a woman waiting always on the wharf at Essington,
There's a paleface at Prince Rupert who addresses me, "me mun,"
And I'm always t'rowing kisses at the kid at Katchikan,
But you ought to see me klutch at Kitsumgollum.

In my youth I used to reckon every female was a flirt,
And I've heard a sailor call his collum klutch his "Sunday skirt",
But everything is different with me since I was hurt,
An' me heart is with me klutch at Kitsumgollum.

Now, goodbye, goodbye, old Ocean, I am going to shake the sea;
Just a little farm and fireside in the Skeena vale for me.
And I'll rest me in the bosom of my little famillee,
I am camping with my klutch at Kitsumgollum.



RECENT CANADIAN FICTION

MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG has repaired an error of title in "The Second Chance," her new book, just published by William Briggs, of Toronto. The story is what used to be called a sequel, carrying forward as it does the sayings and doings of Pearl Watson and the Watson family, who figured in Mrs. McClung's first book, "Sowing Seeds in Danny".

The only seeds sown in Danny were certain caraway seeds, cake-imbedded, and with their disappearance into his interior, Danny also disappeared, leaving no account whatever of their sprouting, nor anything to show whether they sprouted at all. His sister Pearl became the centre of action, which straightway grew illuminative of many things, and remarkably interesting because remarkably true. The error of title lay in using Danny's name instead of his sister's, and indicating him as a culture-flask when an entire Manitoba neighborhood should have been declared. The reparation now wrought puts Pearl in her proper relation to this new story and its characters, most of whom, as well as the scenes, remain the same. This accomplishment is along a parallel with that of the potter in Jeremiah, in the lines Mrs. McClung quotes on her title page:

"Then I went down to the potter's house and behold he wrought a work on the wheels.
And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the potter; so he made again another vessel as it seemed good to the potter to make it.

A happy quotation, fit for the case; and a happy reparation, for this work seems good to those who look upon it, as probably it does to its maker. "The Second Chance" is a good book, a faithful picture of homely life, of fine, homely courage, homely humor, and very homely affection—the kind that Joaquin Miller told about:

Life? 'Tis the story of love and troubles,
Of troubles and love that travel together
The round world through.

Pearl and the Watson family, as they appear in "Danny," are like proofs from good negatives of subjects comparatively unrelated. In "The Second Chance," they and those within their contact become good composites of very real people, in places and circumstances that are real also, and to the knowledge or memory of some of us, vitally vivid. It would be a world-weary and dried out-mind that would not respond to the warm humanity of the book, to its fancies and its fun. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.20.)

MRS. MADGE MACBETH, of Ottawa has ability of output and much to say. Everybody read her first novel, "The Changeling," when it appeared serially in CANADA MONTHLY, and no one missed her perfect frankness in dealing with many things in life that usually are blinked, or left to be inferred. Here comes another, "The

Winning Game," suffused likewise with a relishing element of open speech, and as frank an atmosphere of character and ethics as the first. Mrs. Macbeth tells things as she sees or finds them, paying small or no regard to what anyone may think. "The Winning Game" is a tale of life in New York, which is a big place with people of all sorts, none of whom is left out if the purpose of the story is advanced by letting him or her in. The main characters dwell on a level that is high, if not the highest, and the reader is invited to look upon the others from that platform, as aids in a general understanding of the situations as they occur. The winner in the game is a woman, and the won is a man—as it was from the beginning and ever shall be, world without end, amen. She dies to win it. But the inference is plain that the game was not worth what it cost, for the man who was won is not of a fibre that could last out to his own salvation, being left to himself, as he is when the curtain drops.

Strict conventionists might object to some of its methods. Utopians, who dream of reform by theory, might resent some of its phases, and those who stand for "prunes and prisms" might even have to sustain a slight shock now and then. For all that, it is a mighty readable book, piquant if not world-shaking, most certainly well written, and worth while for all who have any time to spare from contemplation of mid-Victorian moralists. (Broadway Publishing Co., New York, $1.00.)

WITH the closing months of the old year came two romances of Ontario, that commend themselves not only for their story quality, but for their fidelity to some things that are and some that were—but especially for their sane departure from the old idea that Arthur Stringer attacked in his "Canada Fakers," the idea which precluded any picture of Canada that was not bleak, filled with the savagery of a frozen land, covered with a "great white silence".

In "The Love of the Wild," by Archie McKishnie, and "Yozonde of the Wilderness," by Harry Irving Greene, southwest Ontario and the country about Lake Temagami are used as the background for fine romances, and pictured as they are.

Mr. McKishnie's story deals with life in "that triangular forest land of extreme southwestern Ontario, where was a block of hardwood timber known as Bushwhackers' Place," backed on the north and west by the great woods. In this primeval theatre, a drama of struggle and life and death and happiness is wrought out that might furnish themes for many other ones, taken by episodes. It carries the spirit of the old woods, whence appear strange figures impinging the lives of the Bushwhackers and making that remote place throb with all the passions that fill the lives of cities. There is no Bushwhackers' Place now, for the plow-points long ago cut the roots of its old stumps, but the same interplay of life is carried on there by a much more complex population. (McLeod & Allen, Toronto, $1.50.)

"Yozonde of the Wilderness" was written by a man who knows and loves the Temagami country, in all its moods and beauties, at all seasons of the year. Mr. Greene has lived among the Indians up in the woods and wolds back of the Lake, to the Hudson Bay. The romance he spins is one of a stray white man and the daughter of an old Ojibway chief, strangely brought together, strangely united, and more strangely put apart. It is full of mystic touches, dealing largely with Indian superstition and the white man's magic, and it deals with a life at once strenuous and touched with many lights of beauty. The prowess of a white man who to save the life of a woman strangles a giant timber wolf with bare hands, may be open to question as a possible thing, but the telling of it is natural and simple, with a quick thrill of blood that brings it all alive before the eye. Mr. Greene's book is not an epoch-marker, but it has a directness fitting its subject and its object. Here and there are finely poetic passages, shaded by others that might have been more carefully written, yet it is well worth reading, and worth keeping. (The Fitzgerald Press, New York, $1.00.)

THIS CLEVER BIT OF PHOTOGRAPH PATCHING IS REALISTIC ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BEHOLDER CATCH HIS BREATH. BUT IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU CAN SEE THE LINES OF PATCHING

A JOKE OF STATE

AMERICAN gentlemen concerned with the Ship of State aren't generally supposed to be humorists, being rather concerned with revising the tariff upwards, and yanking the duty off sugar, and making nice warm nests in Alaska for the Morganheims, and other patriotic enterprises of a serious nature. But Daniel J. Keefe, United States Immigration Inspector at Washington, recently pulled a quiet little one in five figures that is worthy of a place in Joe Miller.

According to the newspapers, Dan "laid startling figures before the authorities here" (the despatch was dated Winnipeg) "showing that Canadian people are settling in large numbers across the line, and said that for every hundred citizens of the United States that come into Canada, there are seventy who leave Canada to go to the United States. One hundred and four thousand persons," says Dan, with painful exactitude, "have entered Canada from the States, and seventy-five thousand have come from Canada. *Some of the latter were farmers.*"

This is real journalism, and if Dan only knew it, would qualify him for a job on the Hearst papers any day. That touch about the farmers ought to turn Blanchard of the United States Reclamation Service sea-green with envy, for it beats his "15,000 Returning Yankee Myth" to a stiff froth. The Americans who come to Canada are tillers of the soil, producers of wheat and cattle, but the outgoers—well, some of those returning "seventy-five thousand" may be farmers indeed, but we wouldn't lie awake nights worrying about our money if we staked it on the chance that all the farming they are doing in the States is with a French accent on a Branson machine along the Merrimac River.

Really, you know, one might almost contrive a bit of airy persiflage out of that.

THE HOMERIC WEST

"A LITTLE more to the right, Jim —don't act as if you were afraid she'd go off—that's better. Remember, you're killing a man. That's a peach of a blood-thirsty expression; if it weren't for your clean shirt, you'd pass for a real man-eater. Hold that ten seconds, and I'll get the other plate in."

"Well, hurry up," growled Jim, cautiously clinging to his cigarette. "My eyebrows are gettin' bog-spavined reachin' up under my hat, and I feel

like a nickel's worth of bird-seed in this regalia. If any of the Bar 98 boys catch us this way, they'll kid the everlastin' tar out of us."

"I love my girl, but O you regalia!" chirped the Ontario chap at whose chest Jim's pistol was aimed. "Say, if Bess doesn't like these photographs, I'll—I'll take her away from you."

It is something of a tragedy when you are an Eastern college man spending a summer on an Alberta ranch, and Broadway clamors for details of a West that is wild and woolly and full of fleas. No wonder "Jim" and the rest of the bunch had to fake their local color, and themselves evolve Broadway's West for Broadway's delight.

Ever since the blind slave Aesop knelt on Byzantine floors and beguiled with his fables the slow and sandal-scented hours of the Oriental harem, all good tales have begun with the fancy-provoking words, "once upon a time". The giants have all lived "in those days," the love'y ladies have been daughters of a minstrel's muse, the ghosts and fairies have all been disappointingly seen by somebody else's grandfather. They never happen to us, those enthralling tales—no, they are always "England and yesterday". Lacking history and "storied dead" to set our fancies alight, we of label-new North America resort to "The West" for our romance. Ranch and range, bad men and bucking bronchos, coyotes and Colts have taken the place of the Knights of the Round Table; the forty-four with the filed trigger is the lineal descendant of the blade of blue Damascus steel; M'liss and The Duchess are daughters of Cunegonde and Galeswinthe. As of right, the East demands the gentleman adventurer and the cowboy west of Winnipeg, and when it doesn't get them, it feels injured and amazed.

"Give us Romance—preferably with blood," said all the sweet "Virginian"-reading feminine friends of "Jim," and the other boys when they went West. "Tell us how many guns people generally 'tote'; what shooting-scrapes

AN INNOCENT BUNCH OF DESPERADOES PEACEFULLY READING THE FUNNY COLUMN

you've seen; whether the cowboys really make strangers dance to the music of nicely-aimed shots; how much whiskey is considered a man's drink. Give us Indians, stampedes, sheep-wars, remittance-men, whisky-trading, half-breed uprisings, buffalo, 'la longue traverse'. Tell us all about The West."

And the boys, having learned that the main items of interest in Alberta were the number of bushels of wheat to the acre and the price of beef critters on the hoof at the packing houses, racked their brains to satisfy Broadway. Romance there was in plenty, the romance of a new empire in the making, the romance of new steel over sod, of green wheat where the buffalo-grass had sprung, of a country that had been the same for a thousand years being changed overnight into a stretch of thriving farms, but it was not the romance of Bret Harte, and it did not appeal.

Therefore, did "Jim" and his friends monkey with a young cannon they had to buy at the hardware store, and rig up fake lynchings, and lie awake nights inventing Broadway's West after the fashion of the moving picture "drammer". Not one of these card-slipping amateur "bad men" ever saw a gun carried in earnest in the West, not one ever saw a man hanged unless in the due course of British justice. Nor will they ever see it. The West is as law-abiding and peaceful as the East. A little more resourceful, perhaps; a little readier of action, a little less uncomfortably conscious of ancestry and custom, a little more appreciative of what a man is than of what his grandfather left him, but every whit as broken to harness of Blackstone and Coke as Yonge Street—probably more so.

When visiting Easterners on the lookout for the Wild West have to play Alkali Ike themselves in their buttoned shoes, it's pretty good testimony to the goodness of the country. Mark Western Canada's card "Deportment, 100," and let 'er go.

"BAD MEN" IN BUTTON SHOES AND PUTTEES ARE A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST

ARTHUR HAWKES AT WORK

BRITISH NEWS OF CANADA

READERS of this magazine will be especially interested in the departure that is being made in journalism by Arthur Hawkes, who has been a frequent contributor to CANADA MONTHLY for three or four years. This month Mr. Hawkes is starting *The British News of Canada*, a weekly paper, which, while it will be printed and published in Montreal, will circulate primarily in Great Britain as a means of promoting emigration to Canada on Imperial lines.

Mr. Hawkes has had experience and training which fit him unusually well for his new undertaking. Indeed, it is only from such an experience as he has had in journalism and farming in both Canada and England that a paper like *The British News* can spring. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Hawkes came to what is now the Province of Saskatchewan and went through all the travail of pioneer farming. As he says: "The only thing I don't know about that game is getting rich at it; for twenty-five years ago the chief asset to be acquired in Assiniboia was valuable experience." Since his farming days in the West, Mr. Hawkes has filled important positions on the newspapers of Manchester, London and Toronto.

The British News of Canada will tell the reader in Britain exactly the things which a Britisher, returning to his native country, will tell his friends as they sit around the hearthstone, about Canada and the life lived by British men, women and children who are helping to build up the best of all the younger nations of the Empire.

Good luck to it. It is going to be a great, big, strong and efficient new link between the Old Land and the New.

Myself—Scow-Pilot

By F. T. Wood

VERY probably, to most of my readers, the word scow will mean nothing, or at the most mean no more than hundreds of other little four letter words. But to me the word does mean something; it brings back vividly my various homestead adventures in Northern Alberta; it brings back memories of long days spent at Edmonton, building and loading; and last, but by no means least, the memory of the trip itself down the broad, swinging Saskatchewan, the bright days, the cloudy days, the hard work at the great sweeps in the rapids and at the curves, the long stretches of idleness in the smoother portions, the cool dark of the nights, when we snubbed in some eddy, and, rolled in our blankets, fell asleep to the hum of the mosquitoes and the gurgling purr of the waters. There was lots of work, of course, hard work, too, but withal they are pleasant journeys to look back upon, and at the risk of seeming too poetical, I will say that the memory of my different scow trips is a bright portion in the otherwise rather sordid, prosaic background of the taking of a homestead.

Five or six years ago scows and rafts were more than common at Edmonton, and along the river. I feel safe in saying that the number that left that place every summer would number well into the hundreds. That was, of course, before the Canadian Northern was completed into Edmonton, and the portion of the great Saskatchewan valley, lying between the "Last House City" and Prince Albert was quite devoid of any means of transportation save by wagon and river. It is not to be wondered at, then, that people took advantage of their opportunities and flocked to Edmonton every year at high water time, built or bought a raft or a scow of some description, loaded on their year's supply of provisions, machinery, etc., etc., and floated down to "Home, sweet home".

The roads at that time were such that it was practically impossible in the spring or early summer, to haul more than the empty rig. Thousands of new settlers were pouring into the country, most of them States people with from one to three cars of stock and effects. Dozens utilized the river to take their goods down to their new homes. For those who were already settled in the country, freighting in the winter was quite feasible, and in fact there was lots of it brought down that way, but the expense of hauling goods overland from one to three hundred miles was by no means light. There were big settlements at Battleford, and at Lloydminster were located the crowd of Englishmen who had come to the Canadian West under the caption of the Barr Colony. Until the Canadian Northern Railway built through, almost the entire supplies for these people came down from Edmonton by boat.

And, by supplies, I mean everything imaginable, lumber to build the homes, machinery to open up and till the soil, some horses, thousands of bushels of grain for seed and feed, milch cows, flour and other provisions, barb-wire, stoves, and in fact farm and household goods and necessities of every kind and description. I may add that I saw three ministers embark from Edmonton one day, bound for some point away down-river; I never knew whether they were included in the regular order for supplies, or whether they were going on their own responsibility. Prince Brothers, of Battleford, were, I think, the largest firm of freight handlers on the river, and I imagine the figures they could give of freight handled would be

astonishing. The Alberta Government undertook one summer to take some rafts of lumber down for the Lloydminster people, but they were very unfortunate. For some reason, the rafts were held till early fall, or until the high water season was past and the river on the ebb. At such times it literally abounds in rocks and bars and various species of trouble for the navigator. The government rafts got not more than one hundred miles on their journey and stranded; they stranded good and hard. The men paddled around in the still falling water for weeks, tore the big rafts apart and built new cribs, only to strand again. Eventually the river was given up, and the whole supply was taken by wagon to the Colony, one hundred and fifty miles or more. I am quite sure the poor Englishmen had to dig deep down in their trousers' pockets to pay the expenses on that lumber consignment. Revillon Fréres, the millionaire Parisian firm, with a big branch at Edmonton, who are a close second to the Hudson's Bay Company in the wholesale and raw fur trade of the Northwest, were also heavy river traffickers. Almost invariably they used scows for their goods, which were of course immense shipments of flour, grain and other merchandise. Prince Brothers, whose specialty was lumber, used rafts.

The Saskatchewan rafts were, of course, no different from rafts the world over, simply cribs of lumber built up until the top tiers floated dry. Some modest individuals would go down with only one crib, just enough to float the owner and his bachelor outfit. Prince Brothers' rafts were often from 100 to 150 feet long, and usually two tiers wide, or about thirty feet. Of course, to handle properly a boat of this size, two sweeps were not sufficient, and so on these you would find two or possibly three on each end, and enough men to work them all. On rafts this size, the men would have a tent, there would be great piles of groceries and grain, usually covered with camp-sheets, perhaps a team or two, tons of machinery; there would be a stove set up for the cook, and in many ways the outfit as a whole looked like a miniature section of real, ordinary life floating down the river.

Scow-travel is a sandwich composed of very hard work and blissful loafing in alternate stretches; the busiest and the idlest and most altogether pleasant life a man can lead this side of paradise. We had elected to follow it for a trip, and one broiling July afternoon we cast off at Edmonton, loaded to the limit. Noon was our scheduled departure; actually it was three o'clock, and we had thirty miles to run before we reached our night's rest. I had been chosen pilot, and as we slid away with the current, I did some rather anxious fore-casting. Down-river were the big steel-clad piers of the Canadian Northern Railway to negotiate; below them somewhere were the big new booms to catch the overflow of the Edmonton Mills; just where, we did not know. Fort Saskatchewan, a little Northwest Police barracks town, was our objective point, and I wanted to reach it by broad daylight. However, there was no use in meeting trouble half-way, so to change the subject, I hauled up my drinking-water jug.

Just before we left Edmonton, I had been taken with a brilliant idea. The warm, clayey, sediment-stained water of the river on a hot day is not palatable, and I had resolved to cheat Fate out of a cool drink this broiling afternoon. I had filled a jug with cool spring-water, tied a rope through the handle, and trailed it astern to keep fresh in the depths of the river. Alas, for my brilliant idea. When I hauled up the jug for a sip all 'round, I had only the rope, the handle, four square inches of jug, and the ironical cork. Some ill-conditioned boulder—but why dwell on the dry spots of existence? We drank plain river, and went ahead.

Some four miles an hour is the average speed of a scow on the Saskatchewan, and about nine o'clock we swung into the long straight stretch leading to the Fort. Here the channel narrows, and the current grows swift. Far ahead we could see the piers and the skeleton-like steel structure of the big bridge. Ordinarily, in Alberta, the sun is still bright at nine o'clock in early July, but to-night a storm was

brewing, and the whole west was overcast. The storm had been born suddenly, or we should have snubbed in some of the little bays back of the last bend. Here, it was impossible. We could do nothing but go on, through the uncertain twilight, trying to pick our course, and wondering where the booms might be. Nobody said much. I stood at the front of the scow, watching the channel, heading for the space between the first and second piers on the south side. We were close to the bridge by this time, and travelling rapidly. All at once I saw the booms, a straight unbroken line across the river, with but one narrow and none too easy outlet. It was almost dark, with a keen cool breeze blowing, clouds rising rapidly, and the flash and peal of the thunder storm close upon us. We could hear plainly the dull pound and crash of the water boiling around the piers, and the monotonous churn of the booms. I knew it was a case of hard and strong pulling, of nice calculation in that boiling water, and a chance of—but then, on the river chances are part of the day's work.

I called back to the others what to do and why, "and when I say pull," I ordered, "pull, and pull like the devil." I took the front oar with Fred and we worked the boat over slowly, swung safely by the piers and shot rapidly down towards the opening. The pier holding the second section of boom in place was a steel and concrete structure, pointed on its upstream surface, and only a foot or so out of water. In fact, in the swift rush of the current here, the pier itself was hardly visible, but the boiling mass of foam that surrounded it betrayed its presence and its damaging possibilities only too well.

Almost before I realized it we were at the end of the first section and the opening was at hand.

"Pull," I yelled harshly, and bent to the task myself. We took two or three quick, deep strokes, Fred and I straining every muscle. Something was wrong, we were making no headway. It was a terribly short distance to that squat, ugly pier, and I knew only too well that if we caught on that our boat was gone. I looked back at the others, and was horror-stricken to see that in the tense excitement of the moment they had started their oar on the wrong swing, and were working their best to send us to a smashing finish. I can imagine that in a regular story here would have been the opportunity for the leading man to have been self-contained and cool. I was not. I yelled back at the rowers—I yelled loud enough and my choice of words was such that they knew at the other end that something was wrong and shifted like lightning. All of this takes longer in the telling than it did at the time of action. Looking back on it now, it all seems to have happened in a few short seconds.

Get through? Of course we got through, but I could have almost touched that pier when we whirled by and on. A half-mile down we pulled into shore and tied up for the night. We had barely finished tying down the corners of the canvas covering our goods when the storm broke over us with a wild roar and a deluge of water. We crawled under shelter till the worst had passed, and then found our way up town and eventually to the hotel, where a good hot supper and bed awaited us. It was now long past ten. and while I should have been grateful that I had a bed in a hotel and not a boom-pier in the river, I fell asleep without stopping to count mercies. After all, our little adventure had been but an incident in a scow trip and in a larger sense of life. It is only fair to add here that these booms were not allowed in place when there was any considerable traffic on the river.

Anything that I encountered on the river, however, was but a gentle picnic compared with the experience of one Simpson, a neighbor of mine. Simpson's adventure was two years before the one narrated above, that is in 1904. He had come to Edmonton with two of his other neighbors and myself to bring down with us his stock of supplies. When we reached the city, however, Simpson got to feeling rather independent, and went off up town, where he bought, repaired and brought down to the river what we in the Northwest call a Klondyke boat. This

is a boat modelled after those used on the Yukon and other Alaskan streams during the early days of the gold rush, and will carry a very considerable load. In fact it is necessary to load them down rather heavily in order to insure stability. There are or were a number of these boats there at Edmonton. Whether they were built there for Alaskan trade to be sent west and shipped up the Pacific to the gold country, or whether some hair-brained adventurers expected to tote them overland to that Mecca, or whether they were built there merely for river work, I never could determine. Simpson bought his boat for a song, repaired her himself, being a blacksmith, wood-worker and general handy man, brought her down to the river and had his load on ready to go some two days before we had our own scow finished and loaded. Simpson had never been on the river, but this fact did not deter him from setting out alone. He was quite sure he could go through alone and beat us home. He did beat us home, as a matter of fact, but how he did it is something of a tale.

His boat was heavily loaded and rode well. With the weight and bulk that he had, it was quite impossible to do anything with oars, so Simpson had built up with some of his goods a very considerable eminence in the rear end of his boat. On this he was to sit, and with a long paddle-like arrangement, he was going to steer through the various difficulties on the 190-mile journey home. He left Edmonton about two o'clock one early July afternoon, July being a popular month for scows, principally because late June and early July almost invariably meant good high water. The current was good from where Simpson loaded, and so in a very few minutes after he pushed away from the shore he was quite lost to view, his Venetian method of steering a Klondyke boat apparently working smoothly. We did not see him again until we reached home on our own boat some four or five days later, so what happened on the river is hearsay evidence, but at the same time it is absolutely authentic.

About half-way from the city to the Fort was an old ferry, the Clover Bar Crossing. The ferry as a ferry had been given up for some years, and the boat itself had been drawn up on the bank and was gradually falling to pieces. The cable had been allowed to remain and stretched across the river in a big sweeping curve. The posts and fastenings, of course, were getting looser and weaker every year, and the cable itself was gradually sinking down towards the water. Anyone who has ever seen a cable stretched across a river, particularly a river where the banks are high, has noticed that it is never taut as, for instance, a telephone wire, but hangs in a big, gradual curve, closest to the water near the centre of the river and rising gradually toward both banks. In ordinary water the cable here at Clover Bar was quite high enough for boats to slip through under its very centre; in high water it was advisable to hug the shore a bit. As a matter of fact, on the extreme south side at this point is found the best channel. This was the channel we took two days later, and was the one Simpson should have taken, but of course he did not know this.

It was between four and five, as near as I could determine, when Simpson reached the place. He was sitting high on his pedestal, some two or three feet above the ordinary level of his boat, and swinging along nearly in the centre of the river. Simpson was extremely short-sighted. Then again the glare of the sun on moving water is often hard on eyesight. Simpson, sitting high on his boat, and steering her down the river, actually came to that cable without seeing it or in any way becoming aware of its proximity.

The boat cleared without a hitch, and the first inkling Simpson had of difficulty was when that cable caught him square amidships and swept him off the boat into the water. Strange as it may seem, although caught entirely unawares and unprepared, Simpson's mind or instincts were quick enough to clutch and hold on to the cause of his trouble. There is a lot of spring in a steel-wire cable, and instead of being suspended in the air as some might suppose, he found himself in the water

to above his waist. Simpson could not swim a stroke, so dared not drop the cable and start for shore in that fashion.

Now the siege began. The current here is quite strong, and the pulling force exerted on the lower part of his body was heavy and insistent. It dragged him down stream every inch that the looseness of the supports and the ordinary give and spring of that cable would allow. And then when that limit had been reached, there would of necessity be a quick reaction, and that long cable, apparently imbued with life, would snap back to its original position, dragging Simpson with it, who clung as desperately as a man with only one chance will cling. I am not prepared to say just how many feet the pull of the river would spring that cable, but I do know that it was more than sufficient to give Simpson a thoroughly exciting time on the jump back. Instead of pulling him gradually back through the water, the return trip was almost instantaneous and more in the air than in the water. The sudden jolt and jar and nasty upward fling were almost too much for Simpson's muscle and endurance, but he hung on grimly, and was pulled down and flew back time after time. The position and strain were unusual; before long his muscles and whole body were sore and cramped. Simpson is by no means a young man, but his whole life spent in active muscle-making pursuits offset in a way the disadvantage of years.

On he hung. An hour or more went by. The boat, of course, had long since disappeared, even if Simpson had had time or the inclination to be interested in the fate of his vessel. Simpson yelled, of course, yelled loud and long and consistently till he was quite out of breath, and then when he was rested he would do it all over again. Except in very calm still weather, however, a man's voice will not penetrate far in the wilderness, and so his cries were not heard. There was a half-breed family living on the north bank not very far away, but the place seemed quite deserted. All things end, however, and when Simpson had almost reached the limit of his endurance, and the river, with its insistent, dragging, steady pull, coupled with the wild, jarring fling of the cable, was almost ready to claim its victim, one of the young breeds in that cabin on the hill came out into the afternoon haze, saw the man clinging there in midstream, came out in his boat and rescued him in quite an ordinary fashion.

To say that Simpson was tired and sore and weak, and that his nerves were considerably shattered would be only the truth. I said nerves, not nerve, for the next morning he hired the young breed and his boat and set off down river again to hunt for what he was sure would be only the wreck of his boat. But, after flinging the man a more than usually mean jolt, the fates had apparently relented, and the boat and contents were safe. She had drifted steadily and had been caught and held by the Fort Saskatchewan ferryman early the evening before. Simpson claimed his boat, and, with the breed went on down-river to his destination, meeting with no further mishaps. He did do one thing at the Fort, however, which is not surprising, and that was to lodge a vigorous complaint with the Police Commissioner against the useless and dangerous Clover Bar cable, and what is more to the point, in a very few days that menace came down for good.

Simpson, I think, has never gone down-river a second time, and I am quite willing to admit that if I had spent an afternoon as he did, on a riotously alive wire rope, with the whole Saskatchewan pulling at my heels, I would be more than content to use the dry land as a basis of travel.

Using the dry land is getting to be the real thing in Alberta now. The Canadian Northern will in a few years have branch lines out, tapping and supplying the more secluded portions of the great valley of the North Saskatchewan, and the day of the settlers' scows will be only a memory. And, after all, only one phase in the development of that particular portion of the "Last Northwest," and when newer and easier and safer transportation methods are furnished, it is inevitable that the old must succumb and the new come in. There are dozens of thriving

little towns along the railroads, where ten years ago, or even five years ago, there was naught but a verdant wilderness. A careful system of local-improvement organization is spreading the good-roads movement far and wide.

Some writer has coined the phrase, "to scratch in the sands of the Saskatchewan for romance." To me his meaning was a little obscure, but if by romance, he meant the real, natural charm and beauty of that great river and its wonderfully varied banks; if he meant the tales of the old Hudson's Bay freighters, who toted their boats upstream, and then like old King James, "came down again"; if he meant the song of the forests to the west, the great seams of coal, the dull, dust-like gold hidden in all the bars; if he meant the countless memories of the old, wild, free life on its bosom and on the rich plateaus adjoining; if he meant the promise of great cities and prosperous contented provinces of the future; if he meant all that I hope he meant, then I too can say, "Scratch in the sands along the Saskatchewan if you seek romance, or life, which is, after all, the same".

SUCCESS

BY ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

WHAT is it to succeed? Is it to do
Some long-dreamt feat, and like a shooting star
Have its attending glory blazoned far,
While men through eyes of wonder gaze at you?
Or is it with a passion to pursue
A mundane good, and to surround yourself
With luxuries, attendants, hoarded pelf,—
Though to your conscience you may bid adieu?

Nor this nor that, but rather 'tis to be:
To feel that in the self success must lie;
'Tis in the strife 'tween soul and sense to see
The higher win—while lusts and passions die;
And when the air of victory we breathe,
Heaven shall our brows with its own amaranth wreathe!

To ladies' eyes around, boys,
You can't refuse—you can't refuse;
Be they black or brown, boys,
'Tis hard to choose—'Tis hard to choose.
—Tom Moore

LITTLE WOMEN

WHAT is there about the little woman that is so alluring? Were I a man I could never be the lover of a tall or large woman, no matter how "svelte," how lissome, how graceful and dashing and "vervy" she might be. Admire her? —yes— but now, could you cuddle her, and did the woman ever live who did not want to be cuddled? I have much in mind two little ladies, the one young, pretty, vivacious—as keen of mind and intellect as though she had a "large" head instead of the most shapely little cranium in the world. She is intuition itself and has the sixth sense highly developed, that sense which makes us see sans eyes and hear sans ears. It is an almost uncanny gift with this small woman. She has two good and bright and mischievous blue eyes in the front of her head, but I think she has a spare pair in the back and they are flame-color. Her feet are poems in Spanish, so small and slim and arched and dainty that they made their appeal even to a woman, so what would they not do to a man—walk over his heart?—dance upon his soul? Ah, tread lightly, little feet! Walk softly, little lady!

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And the other small woman. She, too, has fairy feet, and hair like spun silver, and two wistful eyes, and the tenderest mouth in all the world. She is not young, but she will never be old. She is Maternity personified—that wonderful mother spirit which broods over and watches and loves all the wayward world—without which the world's pendulum would swing crooked. All the sorrow of the Mother Mary is in her sad eyes, for grief has marked her. All the patience of women, the unselfishness, the gentle and uncomplaining endurance—are writ large upon this tired and beautiful face which has always now a look of waiting—of waiting. Fragile and tiny and dear, she is—just a girl in heart, as she is a girl in sweet and dainty body. The charm of these little women! They are like the faint and elusive perfumes of the little flowers, the violet, and prairie

"AN' IS IT BERRYIN' ME BEFORE ME TIME YE DO BE, YE OLD THRAITOR?

blooms, the little white clover and fragile jessamine.

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PAVING STONES

HERE we are again with our good resolutions. Where are those we made a year ago? As well look for the snows of yester-year, or those June evenings long ago when "he" whispered the story Adam told Eve in the Garden, and you listened and loved it. Still, it is a fine thing that we renew each year our good intentions. New Year is a bracing-up time when man resolves to forego Scotch and soda, and woman determines that the stockings in that mending basket shall, once and for all time, be darned. We may look back at the year that is past with regret, or with gladness that it is done and over with—in proportion to the gifts or griefs it has doled out to us. To some it leaves the memory of joys that blessed their lot; to others memories of perished hopes, and to you or me but a faint sweet picture of what might have been. It is not good to be overmuch given to introspection; it breeds pessimism—which is only one way of acknowledging that you have been a failure—but there is one time in the year when looking back exercises an influence for good, for endeavor and striving, and that time is New Year time. The perished hopes, the "might-have-beens" are not worthy memories to take with you into the young year. They are—at stock-taking time, necessary to the order of review; are as the salt and pepper to the dish—a pinch and a dust is enough. But before us lies the bright young year full of possibilities and of promise. What may we not accomplish during the coming months! The past is past. Resurrection of dead and unglorified things is an unwise task. We are here, we are presumably in fair health, and there is work to do. Let us attack it with laughter on the lip, and the song of hope in the heart.

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HENS

THERE is room for improvement in hens. The hen does not keep up with the race of her sex in the matter of progress. She is still the slave and follower of Chantecler. She runs after him—a thing no lady should do—and her sister hen pecks her till she dents her back-comb—and all for the love of a rooster.

We were bowling at a fast clip through the beautiful lanes of Devon—

"Did you ever run over anybody?" we asked the chauffeur.

"Only a hen or two," he replied in laconic fashion. "You see, hens, like women, think they know it all. If the hen was a bachelor girl, she'd be a book-keeper, for she has a wonderful mathematic mind. She figures to a dot how close she can come to a horse-drawn trap, and she'll roll in the dust nearly to the horse's feet. She always escapes by the length of a horse. But, out in the country, the hen hasn't learned about the auto yet—See that one?"—a hen made a "lep" like an Irish hunter into the hedge as we sheared past—"We nearly caught her. Hens don't understand the motors, for they are always thinking of the horse. They're just victims to old fogy notions like a lot of country people, who object to machines."

They are certainly behind the times. We must educate our hens. They may not demand the vote, or cackle "one

wife to one man"—but they should be taught that autos are no respecters of hens—or other persons. However, Chantecler sometimes gets caught—and you should hear the old hens chuckle! Serve him right, the old Mormon!

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BURIED ALIVE

WHY do we not have in this country a Watch House such as they have or had in the old City of Hofengratz? It has been called an eccentric institution, but in view of the many persons who are known to have been buried alive, who may dare to say so? When several old London graveyards were lately dug up and remains removed, it was found that a shocking percentage has been thus untimely buried. A more awful fate it would be difficult to imagine. In every case the unfortunate inmate was found in some twisted and crooked position, which precluded the possibility that he or she had been really dead when coffined. What horror ending in madness before blessed death came, must not those unfortunates have endured! Hair torn from the scalp—fingers crooked into the flesh,—and agony of mind beyond the thinking! So, in Hofengratz, they ruled these things better, for the good people there erected many years ago, an unique building close by the city cemetery. In this for a certain time—three days, I believe—and on payment of a regulated fee, the dead are watched in case that a mistake has been made. The building is divided into numerous apartments—well-furnished, and containing every appliance which might help in case of emergency. The dead are placed in slanted coffins, the motionless hand resting on a delicate mechanism which, on the slightest movement, would respond by ringing an alarm bell in the adjoining chamber where an attendant waits. A medical man is at once summoned—in fact, his apartments are close by, and restoratives are applied to assist struggling nature to assert herself. You can imagine nothing more weird than the sight of these poor dead people, half rising among the wreaths of flowers built by loving friends around them, as though to receive company—a salon de la mort surely—and yet more than once it has proved to be a salon of Life itself, of resurrection and hope and—Love—perhaps.

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INCORRIGIBLE PADDY

WHICH reminds me of the Irishman whose shrewish wife had died. She had a grand wake, to be sure, and everything "done dacint". When they were taking her to the graveyard—and a fine funeral she had, plenty of side-cars, and ass-carts and the man of

SHE CAN WORK ALL DAY AND MOST OF THE NIGHT AND NOT ONE OF HER FAMILY SHOWS EITHER CONSIDERATION OR GRATITUDE

the house with a mourning band round his caubeen, no less!—the boys that were carrying her let the coffin drop as they rounded a tight corner. It broke, and Herself "rowled" out alive and hearty.

"An' is it berryin' me befure me tim

you do be, you ould thraitor," she cried to the husband, shaking her fist at him. She went home and nagged him for two years more, and then she died in earnest. There was another wake and another funeral, though this time Pat had no mourning band round his caubeen. (He had his eye on a fair-haired young girsha). As the coffin-bearers neared the fatal spot, he called out in a spasm of anxiety:

"Thread gently, boys—let ye go aisy, an' for God's sake take care of the corner."

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ENGLISH ROSES

WHO that has ever seen it can forget the rose beauty of rural England upon a golden September day! Everywhere, on garden walls and cottage porches, the roses climb. Sometimes a Virginia creeper in purple bloom smothers a gable-end in a crimson cloud of beauty; sometimes the tender star-like clematis and the jessamine climb about the windows, or cling to the end wall of the village church. The gardens are brave in old-fashioned flowers. They are a bit straggly, not too well-arranged, and it is this careless dash of Bohemianism that makes the tall sunflowers, the crude geraniums and the stately gladioli take on a touch of human interest. The English village gardens are made to be lived in and loved. The dormer windows built up into the thatch, and the thick hedge of box or privet guards the sanctuary of home. Perhaps the little maid standing on the steps in her sunbonnet, hardly realizes the peaceful beauty of her little English home; perhaps some day when she is grown up and makes a new home in our greatest and last West, she will remember the thatched cottage with the roses climbing over it in her far-away Devon home—and then, I think, her eyes will grow a bit dim.

A THATCHED AND ROSE-BOWERED COTTAGE OF DEVON

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SHOULD SHE EARN?

ARE women wise in continuing their professions or other employment after marriage? The question is a very grave one, and involves much thought. There is an adage that "the more a woman makes, the more the man will let her". To this might be added "and the children". A laundress says that she can work all day and most of the night, and not one of her family shows either consideration or gratitude.

"They expect me to work," she explains. "So does my husband. Many a time when he knocks off work, and takes his ease, I wonder how it would be if I did the same! 'Twould be the shock of his life. You see, ever since I was married, and before, I earned my living. Perhaps if I stopped, he would buck up and make good, but I like to handle money of my own and not have to go to him for it. I've never looked to a man to give me a dollar in my life; still I often think I'm a fool—but I dunno."

In this case neither "higher education" or "votes for women" are at work. In what mysterious and pitiable way, then, have the sexes changed places?

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ABOUT WIFE-BEATING

WIFE-BEATING does not appear to be on the wane in this Canada of ours, any more than it is in the British Isles. Every week in our cities, two or three cases of brutal beating of women turn up. Not long since, in England, a case occurred that was not without its humour as well as its pathos. A woman of forty-five, who had brought up five children, who were all married—a big strong angular woman, used to hard work—was found to be rarely without a black eye. The husband

worked intermittently, but she earned right along. When questioned, the wife said as "'ow 'e never 'ardly 'its me when 'e's sober, but 'e does when 'e's drunk, or I ain't got the dinner to 'is liking".

"And what does he do then—beat you black and blue?" she was asked. To which she made reply:

"'E gives me a bit of an 'iding, and like as not smashes up some of the crocks." When called, the husband appeared. He was a little, thin, dry fragment of a man whom his wife could have up and carried from end to end of the street without fatigue

"'E GIVES ME A BIT OF AN 'IDING"

WHY WINNIPEG?

THE strictures of a Toronto Clergyman on matters relating to the social evil in Winnipeg have been greeted everywhere with regret if not with contumely. It was neither a wise, a worthy, a charitable or a sane thing for a man to do. An immorality hunt with two detectives in tow merely to find out if the "vice of the day, the hour and the world," as someone puts it, did not exist in Winnipeg as well as Toronto, or Montreal or Dundas, seems a small pursuit for a minister to engage in the interests of religion. It was a deliberate slight and blight on a city where as clean and decent folk live as in any other in the world, and why Winnipeg should be singled out as a town in a more "rotten moral condition" than any of the places mentioned is something no one can understand. Winnipeg authorities segregate vice. That is the great charge against them. As though concealing vice ever suppressed it! Suppose, instead of hunting far afield, we confined ourselves to attempting to rout the social evil from our midst in our own towns, would we not be doing more towards the interest of morality than in giving a vigorous, splendid and pushing young city like Winnipeg a bad name for an evil which exists everywhere, and has existed since men and women were born into the world? Why throw stones at the great Prairie City when all our houses at home are made of glass?

MERCY

A WOMAN tells this story. Not long since in our Western village, a girl got into the greatest trouble that is possible to an unmarried woman. She was seventeen and she worked out. She abandoned the baby, which died. When arraigned, there was only a frightened outlook on life in her sorrowful brown eyes. They brought her in guilty with a strong appeal for mercy, and she was set free after serving a light sentence. It is not always the woman who casts the first stone at a sister. A man in the small town threw it, or better—or worse—he got a woman to throw it. The girl killed herself.

OUR TEACHER

CHRIST understood. He never knocked. There was no poor weakness of human nature that He—the God-Man—had not pity and mercy for. Not one who casts a stone at an unfortunate but will have to account for that stone when the Day comes. Not one grown person exists to-day

upon whose body a stone might not be thrown in all truth and sincerity. Christ alone refrained. He bound up the wounds the mocking cruel crowd had made. We are only human, but we dare not say that the lesson of charity, of kindliness and of all gentleness has not been taught us by the hand of the Son of God. Christ understood.

TEACHER—"What's your name?" Boy—"Jones." "What's your father's name?" "Jones." "And his other name?" "Mr. Jones." "No, not that. What does your mother call him?" "Old fathead!"

THE TWILIGHT TREE

BY SPENCER FREER

LADS and lassies loving be,
The old folks seek to sever,
They'll kiss beneath the twilight tree.
Tho' dad says "no" or "never".

For dad he knows that twilight tree,
An old acquaintance, too,
He speaks with much severity,
Yet he went there to woo.

How do I know, hush!—and I'll tell,
For mother told, you see;
Dad whispered that he loved her well
'Neath that same twilight tree.

PERHAPS WITH AMUSEMENT

"IN a certain French village," says Cy Warman, who had the story from a good father in Montreal, "the priest had been studying English for a long while, and when he felt he had mastered the language sufficiently, he decided to preach a sermon in English. For text he took the Scriptural admonition: 'Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'

"'Ma frien's,' said the good priest, after reading the verse, "h'on dees subjec' one perceives t'ree divisions. Whom the devil does he seek? Where the devil does he go walking about? And why the devil does he roar?' "

THE USEFUL HYPHEN

THE name of Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor is one to conjure with in uplift circles. In his native habitat, late-returning husbands are required to repeat it as a sobriety-test, and society reporters sprinkle it into their copy with thanks for every space-filling syllable.

Recently the sleepy reporter and the linotype man got snarled up in its intricacies, and when the morning paper came out, it bore this remarkable announcement: "At the opera last night, Mrs. Robert Jones was gowned in yellow satin trimmed with duchesse lace, and sat between Mrs. Chatfield and Mrs. Taylor."

"Ah," purred Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor's best friend, reading the item, with a polite smile. "Presumably on the hyphen."

THOSE SPIRIT REALMS

JOHN, Junior, is an observing small boy with an ambition to grow up a worthy citizen. Recently he graduated into the jack-knife class, with four shining blades and a corkscrew. But there were still unconquered realms to which his spirit soared, for he came to his mother, wistfully balancing the new treasure in his hand, and inquired:

"Mamma, when will I be old enough to drink bromo-seltzer in the morning the way father does?"

THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH

IT WAS tea-time. Macaroons, cups of Russian tea and pale-pink sentiments filled the perfumed air. One of the sweet young buds leaned forward rapturously.

"Tell me, dear Monsieur," she murmured, "don't you think Nature is perfectly swell?"

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle," he breathed. "Ze beautiful everywhere—in ze poetry, ze art, ze music, in ze flower and ze bird—with what joy I behold everysing beastly!"

TABLE-TALK BELOW STAIRS

BRIDGET—"And how much the pale young lady that sat nixt the military gintleman resimbled her father!"

Dennis—"Indade, it's meself that remarked that same to Mary! I should have known she was his daughter if I'd niver laid eyes on him!"

WHAT, INDEED?

BLISS CARMAN, the brilliant editor author, told, at a dinner in New York, a story about James Russell Lowell and a bad boy.

"A Boston woman," said Mr. Carman, "asked Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line :

" 'What is so rare as a day in June?'

"Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album until he came to his own autograph. Beneath it was written in a childish scrawl :

" 'A Chinaman with whiskers.' "

REPARTEE

HUH!" sneers the plate of ice cream to the piece of limburger cheese. "You needn't give yourself such airs. Didn't you see in the papers where there are a million microbes in each drop of ice cream?"

"I did," retorts the limburger. That's nothing. Compared to me you are a sparsely settled territory."

MOTHER AND ME

By W. D. Nesbit

MOTHER and I would like to go
Some of these nights to see a show,
But Elsie and Rosie and fair Louise—
Daughters who care for us, are these—
And Philip and William and solemn Joe--
They are our sons—tell us : "Don't go!"
The shows are all right for the children to see,
But they are too shady for mother and me.

Mother and I would like to read,
But novels for us are scarce, indeed.
Mother got one out of Elsie's den
And promised she'd never do so again.
All of the children are reading books
But keep them from us with warning looks.
The books are all right for the young, you see,
But they are too daring for mother and me.

Mother and I—we sit and sigh,
Wishing for days that have gone by,
Wishing for books we might peruse—
Books that the children for us would choose—
Wishing for songs as well as shows—
But it is better, as I suppose,
That we should let all such pleasures be—
They are too wicked for mother and me.

DIPLOMACY

COLONEL GILBERT PIERCE, the late Minister to Portugal, once picked up in his arms a young lady who stood hesitating at the corner of a street in a country village, unable to cross it, because a shower had filled it with a rushing torrent of water.

The young lady submitted without protest while the Colonel strode gallantly through the torrent until he deposited his fair charge on the opposite sidewalk, with dry feet. "Sir!" she then said, indignantly, "are you aware that you have insulted me?"

"I was not aware of it," replied the Colonel, "but, seeing that you are right, I beg to make amends."

So saying, he picked up the protesting damsel and restored her to the point where he had first made her acquaintance.

THEIR WEDDING OUTFIT

PARENT—"You and George get married? Why, my child, neither of you have ever provided the first necessity of married life."

Daughter—"Oh, yes we have, papa. We have got a beautiful name for the baby."

ODDITIES OF THE GREAT

NAPOLEON never went on a lecture tour.

Julius Caesar did not keep a chauffeur.

Alexander the Great never sat for a photograph in his life.

George the Third was never known to eat grape fruit.

Shakespeare would not use a safety razor.

Goethe would not have a telephone in the house.

Cervantes would not ride on a railway train, preferring to travel by coach.

Christopher Columbus did not take a daily newspaper.

THE BEAUTY EDITOR SAYS:

A girl always pretends to be just a little afraid to be alone with a man.

No matter how bad a man is, his wife firmly believes in his good intentions.

It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret ; and I know more than one man who is a woman.

A woman lacking true culture is said to betray by her conversation a mind of narrow compass, bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes.

Man is Creation's masterpiece. Who says so ? Man !

"Love used to sit in bay-windows and write twenty-page letters ; now it travels and sends post-cards."

"America has no leisure class except those who make the change at the department stores."

"The howl against the stronger sex is raised by women who took men for angels, and found them only men."

"And even the man who is good for nothing is good for something—say as a horrible example, for instance."

"There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught—including both sharks and suckers."

"It's a wise girl who does not mistake attentions for intentions."

"Don't cry over spilt milk. Very probably it was full of germs."

"Doubtless good plays do fail, but wouldn't it be fine if one occasionally succeeded"?"

Nature on the Sidewalk

By Mary Wheelwright

OF ALL impersonal and uninterested places, there is none like a city street. Have you committed a murder? Are you about to divorce your third life partner? Do you want to change your name from Susan Smith to Caterina Manuela Yznaga, and wear four pounds of back-hair? Do it in your home village, or in even one of the smaller cities, and you are instantly branded. Do it in a real metropolis, and not only will no one bother to inquire the name of the corpse or the hair-dresser, but neither will anyone take the trouble to care.

Watch them as they go to work of mornings. Hurry, hurry, hurry, everywhere. Step on the man ahead if he doesn't go fast enough; glance at the shop-windows, figure nervously on a pad as you walk; plunge straight ahead, eyes vacant, introspective; hurry, hurry, hurry. Rich man rolling his cigar and dreaming million dollar dreams; poor man anxiously watching the drug-store clocks lest he be late at his twelve-dollar-a-week office-stool; madame out shopping early in her stylish tailor-made; Sadie and Maybelle and Louise chewing gum and discoursing volubly about the meanness of the floor-walker; grey and blurry scrub-women, looking as if someone had blotted them carelessly before they were dry; on they go, all bent on their own direction, all paramountly uninterested in their neighbors, all unmistakably city-dwellers at home. In any of the world's great cities you might put on pink tights and a dinner-jacket, top it with a cotton umbrella, and march down the principal business street without eliciting more than a passing notice.

When I first packed up my new steamer-trunk and left my peaceful home town for the rush and roar of a first-class city, the torrent of the living down the lighted streets dazed and delighted me. Here was where things happened, where life was at high pres-

sure, where the wheat of the world and the destinies of nations were flung to and fro like tennis-balls by the hands of the finance kings. I was part of it —even little I—and I felt a joyous exhilaration.

But as the novelty wore off, and I settled down to my accustomed groove, I discovered how small a part of the great machine was the cog bearing my label, and practised that difficult lesson of youth, the art of cheerfully being ignored by a million busy people.

I am afraid that at first I was not a very good learner. Exasperated by the vast indifference, I have risen in my might and yelled with all my lungs about night rush-hour on a certain roaring corner. I might as well have invited the Goddess of Liberty to have tea with me on Dufferin Terrace, for all the attention that anybody paid. Crushed, I subsided. The city had trodden on its rebellious beetle, and marched on, unaware equally of the rebellion and the colcopteran.

So matter-of-course does this blank indifference become to the city man that any sign of human interest is as unexpected as the genie was to Aladdin. And so there was double salt in my encounter with another stray bit of humanity not long ago.

It was one of my dancy days, right from the start. You remember, as whimsical Barrie says, with the air of one imparting authentic information, that "Fairies never say 'We feel happy!'; what they say is 'We feel dancy!' "—and dancy it was. I sang as I dressed, whistled as I came down to breakfast, and hummed:

The first scarlet huntsman blew into his horn,
Lirala, lovely morning, I'm glad I was born!

as I waited for my car. It was a day of light airs and high filmy clouds, a day when children skipped on the sidewalk and sparrows chattered enthusiastically in the hedges,—the whole sunlit world seemed on tiptoe, just ready to sing.

All the way down town the mood lasted, and I was still on the crest of the wave as I turned up the street with the morning crowd, quite oblivious of everybody else, watching a white jet of steam against the blue at the end of the dark street-canyon, and whistling *La Paloma* out of one corner of my mouth. The Raphael-eyed, grimy newsboy, the iris-hued and petulant doves, the blue reflection of the sky in a strip of wet pavement, the rich, sweet odor of a bunch of Cape jasmine on the breast of a girl, all caught my fancy and chimed in with my mood. Among the intent, preoccupied crowd I was having a beautiful time with my dancing little Spanish tune, and paying no attention to my fellow-pedestrians, when suddenly behind me there sounded a light step, and a voice singing under cover of the roaring town. Instinctively, I turned to see who the singer might be, and looked square into the eyes of a tall, well-built young fellow, who smiled at me with frank cameradie.

"You feel that way, too?" he said, lightly. "This is a bully place, isn't it?" and with the word he passed, before I could do more than gesticulate a joyous assent.

It was the first time I had ever had a friendly word said to me by a stranger in a city street, and I watched the young fellow's broad back until he disappeared in the crowd.

I wish that I knew his name.

Theatrical Comment and Gossip by Robson Black

NAT GOODWIN GAZETTED "THE CAPTAIN"

"THE CAPTAIN" is a new play using Nat C. Goodwin for a more essential purpose than the exigency of the electric sign. In Mr. Goodwin we have a natural comedian made rich by Nevada speculations, several times married, once divorced from the handsome Maxine Elliott, happy-go-lucky as in the days of his poverty, and now bidding again for the calcium glare with the merry talents that won him his first recognition. It was exceedingly difficult to find him a play, until George Broadhurst and C. T. Dazey, experienced journeymen of the pen, brought forward "The Captain". It is palpably one of the hurry-up-we're-starving type of comedies, fitted together from old devices, yet having a certain cohesion that makes it convincing and amusing.

The Captain is a dual personality. He stands for two in one, Captain Everett and Captain Hastings. They meet by accident in a town in China from which the latter is forced to flee for his life as he bears upon his person a jewel which the natives consider sacred. To accommodate the fugitive officer, Everett (Mr. Goodwin) offers to assume the rôle of Hastings. Needless to say, the difficulty of keeping up the deception grows with every hour. As Hastings has made his name famous in the port cities by his gallant conduct at the siege of Pekin, it is easy to imagine many laughable predicaments for the bogus officer. Most distressing of all, he is singled out by a sort of Chinese camorra as the object of their vengeance, and hence lives in constant dread of poison or a knife thrust. The English society of the place lionizes him, and women who have fallen at his feet embarrass him sorely by asking inquisitive questions about the campaign and his personal opinion of military affairs. Then comes the climax. A local emergency arises in which a brave officer is instantly needed to crush a native revolt, and to his utter discomfiture and alarm, the "gallant Hastings" is elected as head of the expedition. But the mock officer is equal to the unexpected call. He dons his khaki, leads his men bravely forth, and to his own amazement, as well as the delight of the town, accomplishes the defeat of the enemy. The end as befits a farce is sudden as lightning.

Misunderstandings are righted, the Captain gains his lady love, and Mr. Goodwin, nodding his head, and taking two steps to the front, raises his eyes gratefully to the descending curtain.

"THE CONCERT,"—WHERE NO TWO SING ALIKE!

IN New York at present, more tongues are wagging over "The Concert" than perhaps any other within hearing of the Broadway roar. Those of us familiar with that dear old daguerrotype, Herr Von Barwig, in "The Music Master," will not have far to go for our newer hero, Herr Gabor Arany. Both emigrated from Germany, but neither is as much concerned over Krupp guns as over the fortissimos of a long-haired orchestra. And in both plays, I may say, the actor who plays the musical genius knows about as much music as a leghorn rooster. "The Concert" never came to its extreme popularity by novelty, by new form, or new purpose, by any other fetish or desert whatever other than the genius of one David Belasco, a certain wonder-worker who takes dandelion wine, blesses it, and sells it at the price of Burgundy.

Supposing the reader to be, for the nonce, a woman, I ask this question: Were your husband to go wrong, would you or could you win him back by pretended complaisance in his error?

Would you, as Gabor Arany's wife did in "The Concert"—keep a tight rein on self-respect, on pride and vindictiveness and coddle the old rascal into shamefacedness and a renewal of his love? Helen Arany did that, and appeared to have immense fun in such a curious psychological gamble. Arany, you see, is a great genius—that is his license to be eccentric—a musical beacon to which a pretty little moth in her unknowing hero-worship fluttered and almost fell. Arany is like many another great man of the arts, a babe in his mental balance, a spoiled self-willed prodigy that breathes, thinks and feels by impulse, and accepts adulation as both palatable and deserved. Such a creature—likable even in his heresies—gives private recitals in his private bungalow to a particularly private pupil, Flora Dallas. One day the two disappear to the Catskills, and the wife, having prophesied in her heart just such a contingency, and being game to take up a challenge, forms a platonic partnership with Flora's broken-hearted husband for the purpose of bringing home their runaway mates. With Dumas-esque daring they speed on the trail of the errants, taking good care to inform Gabor and Flora that they are truly enamoured of one another and only await the marriage of the former to clear the road for their own union. Here we find our playwright caught as he desired to be, at the end of a blind lane—but no. The incapacity of Gabor for sustained affection, which severed him from his wife, rises as a frowning ghost between him and Flora. Her mention of "marriage" rings the knell of his escapade, and with a deeper, truer resolve than he has before revealed, he chooses to return to his Helen and happiness.

And Flora—in one of those scenes which two clever women must keep buoyant to keep sane—learns from the wife of Gabor the disillusionment that must inevitably await her if her romance were continued to the end.

And *therefore* (with that austere emphasis of our old Euclid tutor), the episode unwinds each to each's own. Mrs. Gabor gets Mr. Gabor; Mr. Dallas gets Mrs. Dallas. Even the Hague Tribunal could have done no better than that.

ONE SHOW THAT MONEY NEVER WORRIES

THE New Theatre Company of New York is just old enough and bulky enough to whet the curiosity of theatre-lovers in Canada and the United States. This gallant array made its first excurison into Canada a short while back, to "try out" two new productions, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," and will very likely reveal its splendid work to the city of Winnipeg before another season has passed. So at least the management has informed CANADA MONTHLY. You must understand the treasure is so exceeding rare and so jealously guarded by the provincialism of New York that the insignificant balance of the continent may not expect more than an occasional flow of bounty.

One of the many interesting objects of The New Theatre, made possible by a huge endowment fund, is the produc-

tion of new and meritorious plays, which under the "star" system of the commercial managers would be an impossible or over-speculative undertaking. "The Nigger," "The Blue Bird" and "The Thunderbolt" are three rather striking testimonies to the value of this department of their work. Mr. Winthrop Ames, the captain of the enterprise, is a millionaire, with the training of a college professor and—perhaps—the destiny of a dramatic Moses. That makes a rather obtuse angled equipment, with which to carry on the hard-fisted business of modern amusements. Yet to a large degree such a brotherhood of big idealism with business sagacity and what the Englishman calls "drive" marks Winthrop Ames as one of the leaders of his profession. Do you wish to see a good picture of him? Then look up your old scrap book for a three-quarter view of John Drew. There you have Mr. Ames in a rough but suggestive outline—the long nose, the Reno chin, close-set lips, reserved expression of well-defined eyes—a face denoting the intuitions of a fine gentleman and the sixth sense of a connoisseur.

MISS MAY BUCKLEY IN *The Little Damozel*

"BILLY" CRANE AND HIS UNRECONCILED MOTHER

WILLIAM H. CRANE, whom we have reason to cherish the more since his tour with "Father and the

MARGARET ANGLIN

A distinguished daughter of Canada, who opened her season at Toronto this month in *The Green Stocking*, a new play by A. E. W. Mason Miss Anglin's recent illness after a long tour in *The Awakening of Helen Ritchie* has given place to perfect health

Boys," let me into such a good story of his early life the other evening, that I must needs pass it on. During the first years of his struggle for recognition he played three seasons with a stock company in a large Canadian city, lending on Sunday his services as a baritone to the choir of a local Episcopal church. Evidently he made himself a favorite, for at the end of his engagement at the theatre, the rector and choir presented him with a beautiful cane, engraved with a hearty appreciation of his generous sacrifices.

"Billy" bore this home in great glee, and placing it in his mother's hands, exclaimed: "That's a little gift from me to you. I shan't need such a gorgeous walking stick until I find myself famous." Twenty-five years later, when reputation had distinguished the name of W. H. Crane throughout the continent, he sought out the gold cane given him by the church choir.

"I found it in the bottom of an old wooden trunk," he said, "where my mother, now many years dead, had placed it among her wedding-dresses, and hymn-books and bits of jewelry. Gently unreconciled as she always was to my choice of a stage career, she had wrapped the stick in bands of wool and linen and laid it very carefully in her little stock of treasures. The gift of a church to Billy Crane was to her the biggest feature of my whole career."

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN *Father and the Boys*
No other Canadian has so brilliantly adorned the profession of the theatre. Mr. Crane has attained much wealth, a continental reputation and the satisfaction of unimpaired powers despite the age of sixty-seven years

FASHIONS IN PLAYS LIKE FASHIONS IN BONNETS

THE twists in a woman's bonnet follow the dictates of Fashion no more obsequiously than the name-plates of plays. Long names three years ago—short names this year. Out from New York these wintry months troop such a list of abbreviated names that one would suspect some scheme to cheat advertising space or economize in electric signs. Thus: The Concert, The Commuters, Seven Days, Mother, The Deserters, The Gamblers, The Penalty, The Scandal, and so forth—two words or less. Possibly next year may bring one word play-names and then—may we conceive of a day when all titles have taken to their tomb, when plays shall creep into town unheralded, like meek submissive little ghosts, to run their time and steal away? Twenty years ago, when we asked our local keeper of the sacred opera house what was coming, he handed out such a list as this: "The Fair One With The Golden Hair," "A Ghost In Spite of Himself," "It Takes Two to Quarrel," "The Strange Scandal of a New England Town" and "A New York Brewer and His Family".

CAPTAIN KIDD AND THE PLAY-PIRATES

IT MAY offend the ashes of Captain Kidd to borrow his name for a rival in trade, but the "pirate" of other people's plays has of late so blighted the north and west of Canada, as well as the Maritime Provinces, that every reader of CANADA MONTHLY must feel some personal concern.

In the eyes of reputable New York and Chicago producers to-day, Canada stands as a harborer of theatrical thieves, for the man who steals a play south of the boundary and makes money from it by virtue of a harmless Canadian law, is little better than a shoplifter. Calgary, Regina, Moose-jaw, Nelson, or on the other hand, Halifax, Fredericton and St. John are puzzled sometimes that such a large proportion of high-class United States attractions are passing by on the other side and visiting territory with really not half the advantages. Look, therefore, to the score of pirate companies, tripping through the country, using cheap people, playing at cheap prices, and offering reputable plays in a more or less wretched manner, to audiences that cannot realize their participation in an open fraud. A dramatic work, as most must know, is private property under the United States copyright laws—as under any decent moral law—and thieves of dramas may be sent to prison just as thieves of chickens or clothes-lines are. Driven by fear of jail, they have found a ready haven in the Dominion. I personally know that "Paid In Full" and "Seven Days," both stolen, have been going from town to town over the prairies during the past three months, while another manager in the Maritime Provinces is travelling about with Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" show, to which he has as much right as I have to King George's tie-pin. A new copyright law would put an immediate end to this foolish carnival. While it continues, Canada (outside of Ontario) is practically boycotted by United States producers.

OLD BELLS RUNG AGAIN

SOMETIMES people write plays because they have ideas. Instances of this are frequent enough to brace up our faith and antidote our pessimism. But in the hurry-scurry to serve an ever-widening and ever-famishing American and Canadian market, some recourse must be had to wider fields than the creative or the plausible. We know—all of us from Portland Canal to St. John's—the trusting husband, the woman with a past, the return of her betrayer, the dreadful exposé, the anti-climax and the reconciliation. There it was half a century ago; here it is to-day, or rather last month in "When All Has Been Said," a brand new comedy-drama written by Bayard Veiller, who, until this season, was known in most show towns as a capable advance agent. The play's title was the subject of a hundred-dollar prize, an unfortunate investment, for at this writing it is being altered to "The Meaning of Marriage," with which it must struggle along for what I am convinced will be a brief and unhappy career.

To tell you that William Gordon,

president of Gordon's Bank, is out as a mayoralty candidate to fight the saloon interests and bring about prohibition, and that the leader of the whisky faction, Baron Kronstadt, is prepared to use his secret hold on Gordon's wife to assure a political victory, sounds like something you have heard before. So it is. But wait: Gordon wages his battle, ignorant that his domestic happiness trembles in the balance. The woman, knowing that a disclosure must come from her own lips or Kronstadt's, yet driven by her feminine timidity to temporize, lets three acts conveniently slip by ere she musters courage to disclose the truth. Then she tells this splendid young enthusiast the crushing fact respecting his supposed son's birth. Abashed and broken in spirit, he still pursues the political fight, throwing overboard for a moment the settlement of his domestic dilemma. Kronstadt, furious that such a lever as the exposure of Mrs. Gordon's early disgrace has failed to turn Gordon's will, maliciously engineers a run on the Gordon bank. This is adroitly switched by Gordon to his own advantage by obtaining a cartload of currency from a friendly institution. The run is met, the Baron discomfited, the saloon cause ruined and—the curtain falls down on act the third.

MISS FRANCES CAMERON IN *The Prince of Pilsen*

There remains, however, for digestion in the *entre-acte* this curious and unpalatable remnant of the drama, which is to be "solved" presumably by the final act. Gordon's love for his mate, checked almost to the point of revulsion by the gruesome disclosure of the lad's birth, remains by all the rules of Nature logically impossible of renovating or restoring. But the playwright has his little scheme. Trifles-

like plausibility do not matter. He has little William carried into the house wounded by a motor car. In his half-conscious condition, the boy asks to be taken in "father's" arms while the twisted joint is jerked back into place. This unpicturesque affair takes place in full view of the house, the family doctor chattering incessantly while Gordon stares ceilingward, his features reflecting the intense emotions of one in such a position. Love for the lad triumphs; it suffuses resentment or disgust—and with this little pattern lesson on the sanctification of an unholy alliance, Mr. Veiller's effort officially ceases.

Emily Stevens, cousin to Mrs. Fiske, was cast as Mrs. Gordon, wife of the banker and mother of the unwelcome William. It is a gaunt and amateurish role which Miss Stevens did her best to force into prominence by imitating, perhaps unconsciously, her abler relative. Mr. Charles Balsar touched with some strength and pathos the part of Gordon. Eugene Ormonde, the wicked baron, is most villainous in his villainy and almost dishonestly honest when that policy enters into the composition of his character.

HOW EUGENE WALTERS PAID IN FULL

EUGENE WALTERS, the author of "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way," and other dramas of less note, has forgotten and forgiven a hundred wrongs of his early fortunes, but I question if the New York manager who dismissed him at Toronto five or six years ago, will ever come within the playwright's amnesty. Until a few years ago Walters was forced to pick up a living by the uncertain chances of working "ahead of the show". For some days before reaching Toronto, his relations with Mr. Joseph Brooks, the man in control of the tour, had been none too friendly, so that a telegram of dismissal came only as a mild surprise. That night he registered a vow that, sooner or later, he would "get even" with Joseph Brooks. Within a very few years his chance came. His greatest effort, "Paid In Full," was accepted by a New York firm. In the play appears a despicable treacherous cad, who sells his wife to bring his own salvation. This character he audaciously labelled "Joe Brooks," as a tribute to his old manager—nor do I believe that from that day to this, the former advance agent has repented of his revenge.

RETROSPECTION

BY MARY GARVIN

WHEN in the middle of Life's path we stay
A while; and backward cast a wistful eye—
How rough the road; how stony is the way,
Briars and thorns all tangled o'er it lie.

How smooth the path seemed to the youthful mind—
No barriers but 'twere easy to remove;
Heaven countless blessings showered on mankind,
And the whole world was filled with joy and love.